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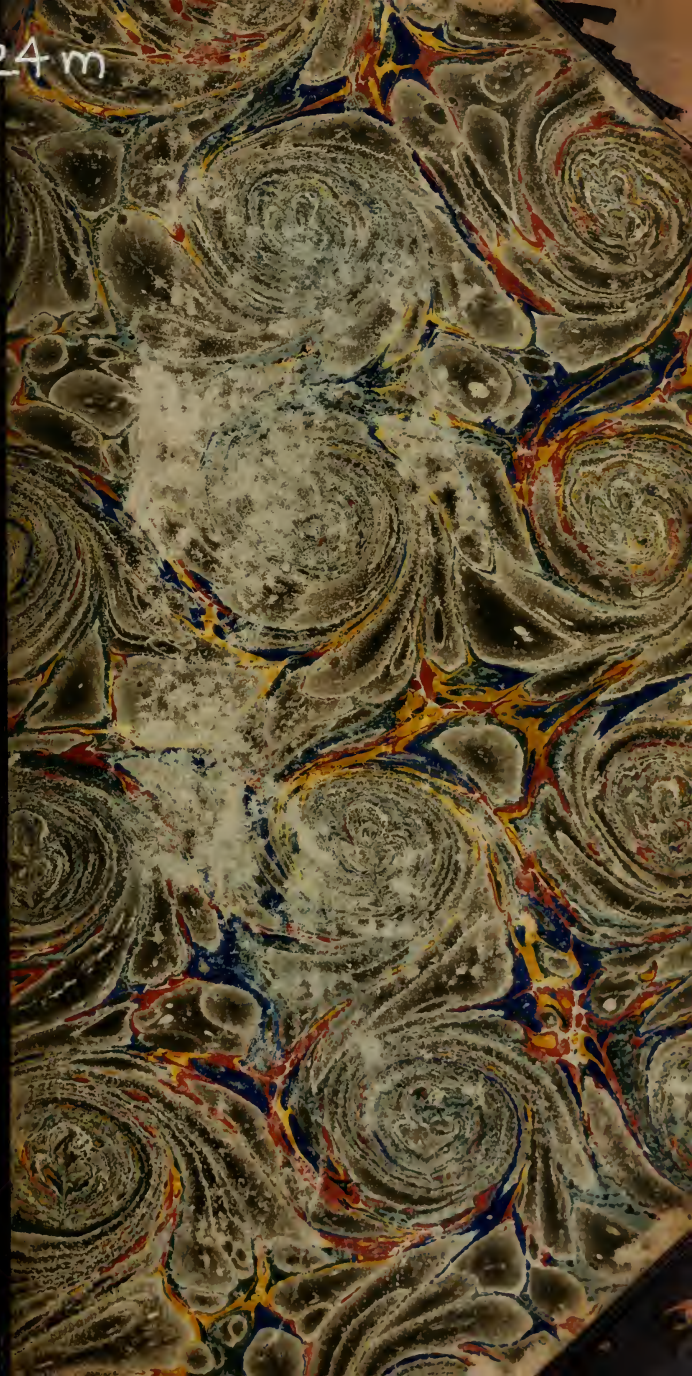

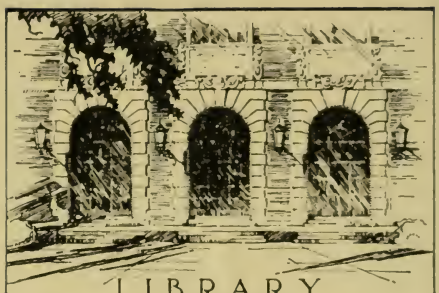

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MARSTON:

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By a Lady.

"I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate me."

VOL. II.

LONDON:
THOMAS HOOKHAM, OLD BOND STREET.

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ERRATA IN VOL. II.

Page 4—For *Mole*, read *Molo*.

16—For *San Carlos*, read *San Carlo*.

132—For *Piazzo*, read *Piazza*.

147—For *seaches this recluded*, read *reaches this secluded*.

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MARSTON.

CHAPTER I.

"Upon the gale she stooped her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide
As she were dancing home:
The merry seamen laughed to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea foam." MARMION.

THE rising sun is at all times a magnificent object; but no where does it prepare to "run its race" with greater glory than as seen emerging from the calm blue waters of the bay of Naples. Its broad disk, enveloped in purple colour of

the richest hue, rapidly assumes an orange tint, changes as rapidly to a rich rosy dye, and animates, in quick succession, all terrestrial objects with its fleeting, but beautiful, colouring. Then rushes on the glorious dazzling light, before whose radiance all the preceding colours fade away; and land and ocean are so brightly gilded, that the human eye can hardly contemplate the beauties of the surrounding scenery.

It is a remark which has been made by many travellers, that the Black Rock, near Dublin, and the town and site of Naples, to be viewed in their most advantageous light, should be approached by sea. The effects arising from the various combinations of scenery, viewed from the bay, are necessarily lost when the prospect is from the shore.

As the traveller enters the bay of Naples, he sees on all sides islands covered with the

richest verdure, and presenting the most picturesque forms. Ischia, Procida, Castelamare, and numberless "green isles of ocean," encircle, as with so many gems, the dark blue expanse of waters. Vesuvius, throwing up continual showers of lava, and of stones, with flames so bright, that the resplendent beams of the sun do not diminish or deaden their fire, imparts a tone of solemn grandeur to the otherwise smiling scene. The heights on which the upper part of the town is built, speckled with white buildings, and surrounded by gardens; the lower town, bordering the bay, with the Castel del Clevo, that awful dwelling for criminals, advancing its deep and dark dungeons into the sea; and on the left the sister mountains of the Camaldoli, crowned by their celebrated monastery, and the mountain d'Aniano, towering over the Lago, bearing its name; the villa Reale, filled with fragrant

flowers, descending to the very sea-side, bordered with olive trees; and, further on, the Strada Nuova, with its lemon-tree bosquets, conducting to the long, dark mysterious grotto, and the fine old ruined castle of the Queen Jeanne, projecting on the cliff;—each object is fraught with the grace either of present or of historical beauty.

Gales of the sweetest odours, issuing from the orange and lemon trees, wild myrtles, thyme, and other odoriferous plants, which grow in profusion on the rocks to the very sea-shore, come wafting across the bay, mingled with the tinkling sound of sheep-bells, church-chimes, "and the busy hum of men."

On the right, is seen the Mole di Gaieta, filled with vessels of every description, and, crowning all, the Fort St. Elmo, towering in majestic solemnity over the town of Naples.

On landing, the scene acquires a new in-

terest, from the varied character of the crowded population. Here the lazzaroni, with their brown mantles and hoods streaming behind them, full of loud song and boisterous merriment, accompanied by gesticulations, which to a stranger would appear the heralds of deadly strife; their sun-burnt countenances animated with the constant play of their features, but marked with evidences of violent passions; and their large dark eyes ever restlessly rolling with keen animation and vivacity. Here a group of fishermen, sitting on the wall of the pier, singing the little canzonettes of the country with taste, and, in different parts, untaught, but inspired. There a poet, mounted on a barrel, reciting verses, composed extempore, to a multitude of wild and ignorant lazzaroni, who are, nevertheless, gifted with a taste sufficiently refined to enjoy and appreciate poetry, not unworthy sometimes of a nobler audience.

Occasionally, these improvisatori condescend to recite passages from the classic poets of the Tuscan lyre, whose pure style, so different from the jargon of the lazzaroni, is yet understood and enjoyed by them *(a)*.

" Oh Donn Aniello caro, comme staje?"

" Pe servi lo Si. Macario."

" I songo sempe lo schiavottiello vuosto, mo nce vo'. Eh, comme da cheste contuorne?"

" Ah! e mo te nn'adduone? I songo tutte le juorne cca, ncoppa au muolo pe senti lo Si. Addezio, che canta le guapparie de chillo grann' ommo de Linardo, e ogge nce sarra' no bello piezzo de storia."

" Addavero! e dimme dí', che cantarrà oje?"

" Nient autò che quanno Linardo scommoglia ca la figlia de lo Rè de la Scozia e' nnozente, e ca lo malandrino de Pullallesso e' chillo ch' avea fatto lo pasticcio."

" Ne'!"

" E chesso è niente; lo sfida a duello e lo smafara, e quanno stà pe da lo spirito a lo diavolo, confessa tutta la magagna."

" E mo quanno è chesso ogge voglio propio sta a senti a vocca aperta."

" Se aje sta ntenzione j'ammoce a piglià li primme putoste, nnanze chi vene a folla."

" Si jammo ma lassame accattá primmo doje rane de spaffa tiempo."

" Va, va, ca t'aspetto."

In another direction may be seen crowds of children, barely covered, rolling in the sand, and rising thence to dance the tarantella, snapping their fingers, and shouting to the humdrum noise of a tambourine; and the countenances of all so animated, so expressive, that to a quiet stranger, unused to the exciting influence of the southern sun, it is a subject of astonishment, that a population apparently so destitute should be so happy!

"Oh cancaro e che bello vasciello!" called out a fisherman to his companion strolling on the pier; "tienemente là, Jennà, vi comme trase mpoppa." *(b)*

"Tu che mmalora dice? chell' è fravata."

"Fravata! no se vede ca te ne ntienne!"

"E quanto ouo scommette?"

"Chello ehe buo'.

"Embe na pizza de se rane e na palla a marena."

"E ghiuto jamora mo propio addemmanná."

"Addemmanná! vance tu, i pe mme n'avarria scuorno. Comme? sonco vint' anne che baco pe l'acqua salata e non aggio a sapè si' chillo e basciello o fravata!"

"Tu jarraie da vint' anne pe lo mare, e oggi lo chiarenza t' avarrá ammarrate le ffeneste e non nce smicca Proceta."

"Tu statte zitto e non ghi trovanno lefreche,

la scommessa è ghiuta, e non se ne chiacchiazea cchiù."

"Mme faccio maraveglia mo me vò quanno donco na parola è chella sa, tienne a mente ca sta sera me avimmo a magnà a pizza co le mozzarelle e chè a tuorto pava."

"Anzi si volimmo fa na cosa bona jammo mo propio a mangiarencella e po tornammo nce mettimmo tutte doje into o vuzzariello e e ghiammo a bedè."

"Comme vuo tu compà, ma addó volimme ghi?"

"Da lo Si. Aniello a chiazzo Franzese."

"Da chillo marjuolo? no ì non nce vengo."

"E addò vuo ghi?"

"Chiu priesto jammo da la Si. Sapatella mmiezo puorto che tene aerto gragnano razzenté."

"E mbè! vengo addo ruò tu."

Just then the white sails of the Thunderer,

a three decker, advancing slowly and majestically round the point of the bay, attracted attention, and the heavy sound of the cannon came rolling over the sea, and was re-echoed from the rocks as she saluted the port.

All the eyes of the crowd on the pier and the mole were directed towards her, as she advanced, admiring her firm steady motion, and the grandeur of her appearance.

The loud, clear voices of the officers could be distinguished as they gave out the different orders, and it was perceived, from the lowering of a boat, that they would soon have a nearer view of *gli marinari Inglesi*.

Precisely at this moment the first lieutenant entered the admiral's cabin, and announced that the barge was ready.

"Captain Norris," said Admiral Harris, "when you have regulated every thing on board, you may take your quarters on shore, if

you please. My orders are to remain here till the arrival of the Sunderland, and we may possibly have to stay some months. Mr. Howard," he added, addressing his first lieutenant, "you will be so good as to accompany me on shore."

Howard had just attained that happy age when every thing appears in its most beautiful colours, or rather when every thing is reflected back with the colouring that youth gives; and it was with a heart bounding with joy that he leapt into the admiral's barge, and anticipated months of enjoyment in that beautiful country which, as yet, he knew but by report.

He had been in the East and West Indies, on the northern station, and in the Baltic, in the course of twelve years, and had thus seen the most distant parts of the navigable world. He was full of health, and the buoyant spirit of untamed youth, and had already made some

fair ladies sigh in the ports he had visited; but as yet his heart was untouched, and his bright blue eyes beamed joy through his long dark eye-lashes. His high forehead was set off by auburn hair, curling thickly over his head. He was tall, and well made; and the Neapolitan women expressed their admiration of the handsome youth in energetic terms, as he passed along the pier with the admiral: but their compliments passed unheeded by Howard, who did not understand Italian.

Their appearance, however, amused him much; and had it not been for some impatient twitches on the arm, which the admiral, who was leaning on him, gave, he would have been disposed to attempt a colloquy with the pretty, dark-eyed young women, who were selling roasted Turkish corn, and were coquettishly using their best endeavours to attract his attention.

(c) "Ah! Grariella grazié, vide, vé, che bell' uommene! chille anno a esse Angrise."

"Ah! si', so le capitanie de lo vasciello ch' è trasuto stamatina a miezo juorno."

"E nce teneno mente; ah nescia me che borranno?"

"Ch' anno a volè, la mmala Pasca che le batte; so frustiere e guardano, facimmo nfenta de no le tenè mente."

"Ah macamè anno pigliata a renza da chesta parte."

"Lassali veni' ca li voglio agghuistà i comme và, strilla strilla chi sa s'accattassero le pullanchelle."

"Pullanchelle, belle pullanchè!"

"Zi, zi! s'accostano, ogne pullanchelle nce la voglio fa pavà dojè rane."

"Signò, volite le pullanchelle, so caude caude?"

"Ah cancaro chisse non capisceno."

" Le volité si o no?"

" Lassale ghi a malora vi ca chisse, teneno auto ncapo."

" Leva lé Monzié, nuse non simmo chelle che ghiate trovanno vuie, nuje vivimmo d'annore e pane niro."

Admiral Harris took lodgings in the Strada di Toledo *(d)*; and Howard also found apartments to his liking in the same street. The admiral was anxious to keep his young friend a little under his observation; for he was thoughtless, wild, a prey to strong passions, and apt to run headlong after any fancy which struck him: but, to counterbalance these faults, he was generous, kind, and affectionately alive to the kindness shown him; capable alike of feeling strong friendship, and passionate love; open, unsuspicious, and confiding.

With such a character, at twenty years of age, much was to be feared, on his account, by

those who took an interest in him; and Admiral Harris considered himself doubly responsible, as being the sole representative of his parents; and the more so, for the tragical manner in which he had been bereft of them both at a very early age.

As they proceeded up the Toledo, he leant on young Howard's arm, and took the opportunity of giving him timely, though perhaps, from the waywardness of youth, inefficacious counsel.

"Dear Harry, this is your first visit to this town, but it is not mine; and I know it and its inhabitants well. I came here, for the first time, when I was just your age; and under disadvantages which do not, I trust, attend you. I had no friend on board the Bellerophon, the ship I served in at that period, to warn me of the dangers to which I might be exposed, nor any one to give me advice, in

case of need; and I bought the experience I then acquired at the expense of much misery. Let me, therefore, intreat you to consider me, whilst we are here, not as your commanding officer, but as your father and friend; and to confide in me, should your youth and inexperience draw you into any hazard or trouble. Beware of two dangers in particular,—the gaming-table and jealous husbands. By the latter I nearly lost my life, having been poignarded at night, on quitting San Carlos; and having previously, in that same theatre, lost all I possessed at the gaming-table, which is held in one wing of the building, enticed thither by the wretch, who afterwards attempted to murder me."

Young Howard thanked the admiral very warmly for his friendly advice and kind offers: was deeply moved by the paternal interest his commanding-officer testified for his welfare;

and promised him to attend to his recommendations.

The theatre of San Carlos, beautiful in its decorations, and harmonious in its proportions, is the lure and ruin of many young men, natives as well as strangers. The grandeur of the spectacles, the perfection of the singing, and the love for scenic representation inherent to the Italian, draw hundreds to it every night during the season; and the public gaming-table, held under the same roof, is resorted to by many who would not otherwise be allured within its vortex, were it not displayed before them with all the attractions ingenuity can devise to allure the rich, the heedless, and the needy to their ruin.

Although the ostensible charms of a theatre are music, dancing, decorations, and the excitement produced by the imitation of human life, the habitual frequenters of

San Carlos rarely attend or notice any of them.

The theatre is but very imperfectly lighted, with the exception of the stage. The boxes, which are very large, rest in semi-shadow; and the principal interest of their occupiers are love intrigues, carried on in them, or reunions of small societies, who converse on the topics of the day, and only occasionally lend an ear to some prima donna of most exquisite talent.

At Milan, the taste of the people takes another form. Tables are brought into the boxes of the Scala, with lights. The curtains are let down, and small societies are formed to sup or play at cards, while the singers exert themselves in vain to draw a little attention to their efforts and science. Yet it is from these two theatres that issue those talents which are appreciated in the other cities of Europe.

It is perhaps in Germany that music is really most felt and appreciated. In Paris, where all depends on vogue and fashion, an opera is *looked* at and coldly admired; in England, it is hardly looked at or listened to, except by some few of real taste and judgment. The fashionables who frequent the opera are intent on thoughts, utterly foreign to the ostensible attraction of the night. In general, theatres in every country are but the fosterers of vice; and yet undoubtedly some portion of the audience attend for the sake of the representations alone, without guile in their thoughts, or consciousness of being surrounded by depravity. Did they but reflect on the scenes around, not before them; were they but aware of the nature of the society by which they are environed; they would recoil with horror from mixing in such impure, such heterogeneous assemblages.

It is indeed astonishing, that among the number of persons frequenting theatres in every country, but particularly Naples, there should not be a great proportion, who having paid one visit to satisfy their curiosity, and perceiving what the real nature of the entertainment is, should ever return.

The progress of reason in the civilized world ought to render the intelligent superior to being amused by fictions fitted but for children. It is derogatory from the dignity of man, to think of his partaking with the younger generation, of such puerile pastimes. It is placing him almost on a level with the uneducated savage; and if we consider the subject in another point of view, it is condemning himself to inhale loathsome poison. Were it only possible to view the floating air confined in a theatre, on a crowded night, what horrors would be

observed! What miasms of an infected, putrid nature, are those engendered each second, and inhaled by all present!

Let a young, delicate, innocent girl be conducted to one of these theatres, the purest blood flowing in her young veins, and her breath as sweet, as pure as her blood; she is condemned to breathe the emanations of unwholesome bodies, in which diseases of various natures have corrupted the blood; whose breaths are pestilential, * * * * * and all crowded near one another, while the heat arising from the assemblage of masses of persons augments the fermentation of these exhalations, till they become an animal poison of the most baneful description; and this is what is imbibed *(e)* into her frame! Pah! the thought is horrible!

Can the young girl, innocent and virtuous when she entered the theatre, can she be as

pure and guileless when she quits it? Not that her mind will have been perverted by the representations she has witnessed, although high-wrought passions, good or bad, may have been depicted; but that the poison she has imbibed is of an evil nature, and therefore working evil, by affecting the passions, and disposing towards evil *(f)*.

As Shakspeare says, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." There is a silent, wonder-working influence in that space, which the human eye cannot penetrate. The air, that invisible element, is full of life and movement; and that life and movement circulate in our earthly compositions. May we not infer, that the influence on our physical frame, and hence, on our moral constitution, must be pernicious, when that element is animated by emanations from sinful and corrupt masses;

and that on the other hand, contact and approach of the innocent and pure alone, have a preserving influence on innocence and purity?

Who can say where that heaven is placed, to which we are taught to look as our recompense after this life of trial and sorrow has passed away? We place it on high, because the boundless space above us leaves an indefinite supposition and feeling, that there is something beyond that immense expanse. But may we not seek it nearer to us, and yet not depart from the faith of our fathers? Wherefore not suppose, that that air which surrounds us, above, below, on every side, yet invisible to our weak perception, may become a new world to us hereafter, of immense beauty, revealing to us the mysteries of the creation, of ourselves, of the millions of globes around: that then we shall belong to that element, which now we may not, cannot, discern? Do we not believe,

that the all-seeing eye of God is every where; and do we not acknowledge his presence in every place? Wherefore else utter prayers and supplications, which we hope our feeble voices may make heard. We even repeat them mentally without giving them utterance. If then our Heavenly Father is so near to us, why may we not suppose, that those worthy of being received unto his bosom are as near to us, but invisible, until we change our earthly for a heavenly existence? May we not also suppose the evil spirit, and that future existence which we call hell, to float likewise near us, approaching us to draw us away from the celestial influences.

CHAPTER II.

" Ceder dovete l'armi,
Per ordin del mio Re' sia cur a vostra
Il discolparvi poi
E sottrarvi al destino
Che forse vi prepara
La morte piu crudel, e la piu amara
La virtu coll' error il Re sovrano
Non confonde gia mai." CRESO.

A FEW weeks sufficed to make Admiral Harris and his young officers acquainted with the Neapolitan society, and such foreigners as were then at Naples; although the former, indeed, presents few interesting features.

The Neapolitans of the higher class are, in

general, ignorant, idle, and neglectful of their persons; having the defect common to southern and hot countries, of not considering cleanliness as belonging to their code of morality. Indeed, if such a code ever existed, it must have been entirely forgotten; for to speak mildly of them, they are of loose morals, which, in fact, they do not attempt to conceal or disguise. They thus remove all temptation to imitate them. It is concealment and mystery which give charms to vice; in the open glare of day it is hideous. Pope truly says,

> "Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
> That, to be hated, needs but to be seen."

Man seeks to penetrate that only which is hidden, and is attracted by the supposition of unknown enjoyments, or by the possibility of overcoming difficulties; but shameless vice is repulsive to those not already degraded to the point of being shameless themselves.

Admiral Harris found a few persons in Naples, who preferred, as he did, rational conversation or a quiet game of whist, to all the exciting but frivolous amusements of a crowded city; and he soon ceased to frequent the public places where these formed the only attractions, unless express invitation from the court constrained him to attend.

This, although perfectly natural at Admiral Harris's time of life, was nevertheless most unfortunate for his young friends' sakes; since they were not sobered down to his tastes, and sought to wile away their time more suitably to their inclinations, than in appearing in the quiet little circle, which met at the houses of the different members who composed it by turns. Much sorrow might have been spared to both the young men, had the Admiral kept a more observant eye upon them; but having given his advice to young Howard on landing,

he trusted to his promises of prudence and caution, forgetting that his blood was younger and warmer than his own.

His nephew, a man of six-and-twenty, was beyond his guidance or control; but friendly interference would have preserved him likewise from snares, into which he was but too frequently beguiled.

Captain Norris and young Howard strolled about the town and its environs, and were soon so well acquainted with all its precincts, that they might have served for guides to new-comers; but towards dusk, Howard in general found some reason for quitting Norris, who, for his own part, also appeared willing to part company. They never questioned each other, or made any remark on this coincidence; both being too much engrossed with the subject of their thoughts, to think of inquiring into the cause of their separation.

Where did Captain Norris go? To the San Carlos: not to hear the Colbrun sing, to admire her beautiful acting, or the exquisite music of Mosée, not to be wrapped in ecstacy at some entrechats of Mademoiselle Rossi in the beautiful ballet of Macbeth; but to the gaming-table, to live hours, days, in as many seconds, while awaiting, breathless and motionless, "the hazard of the die," to learn, whether at the next throw he was to be a beggar, or the possessor of wealth; which was again to be risked on another throw of the same dispensers of fortune or misery.

There, round a large table, heaped with glittering gold to decoy the credulous, and attract the covetous, might be seen the expressions of all the powerful passions, which the human breast is capable of feeling. There, eyes starting out of their sockets, while watching the throw of those awful, menacing dice,

told all the sufferings of the inmost soul, dependent on the fate of the last ducat ventured. Others, concentrating their violent emotions, looking coldly, calmly; but the deadly pale hue of their countenances evincing the mortal agony they endured. Others, giving loose to passion bordering on madness, blaspheming, with clenched fists and horrible contortion of features; and here the joyous glare of the eye of those fortune favoured, contrasting painfully with the expression of despairing misery impressed on the lineaments of most of those assisting at that dreadful lottery. And, even yet more revolting to the thoughtful mind, the placid, smiling countenance of the owner of the table, tranquil in the certainty of his fraudulent gain.

Here, Captain Norris, at other times cheerful, frank, and good-natured, would change in appearance, as completely as the cameleon under different rays of light. Gloomy forebo-

ding, and anxiety respecting preceding losses, would add still greater seriousness and suffering to his haggard countenance; when, occasionally, a run of luck would entice him to attempt regaining all he had previously lost, and thus keep him constantly hovering around the ruinous attractions of the table(*g*).

Where did young Howard go? Beyond the Strada Nuova, after passing through the Grotto di Posilippo and Puzzoli, a narrow road, bordered on either side by small gardens smelling of thyme and aromatic herbs, conducted to a rural lane, sheltered by myrtles of growth sufficient to conceal a cottage, which terminated the little avenue; and which lay at the foot of the mountain on which is situated one of the convents of the Camaldoli, whence the mountain takes its name.

On the right of the cottage, separated by a hedge of cypress-trees, might be discerned an

inclosure, planted with Yuccas, willows, and myrtles; and in the centre of this inclosure an urn of modest but tasteful form was placed on a lonely tomb. No cross headed the tomb-stone, as is generally seen on the Catholic dwellings of the dead. No pompous inscription told the merits of him now reduced to ashes. Silence and peace surrounded the remains of the silent occupier, not of consecrated ground, but still hallowed equally and revered by those who laid him there. A friend watched over this asylum, for sorrow and plucked away the weeds which would have overspread the tomb in that climate of luxuriant growth; and oftentimes would go and sit by the tomb in the dead of night, and weep and mourn the memory of former times; while the moon shed her mild, pure light, upon the stone, on which was engraved the word,

"GUISEPPE."

One evening that Howard had been exploring the Lago d'Aniano and its romantic environs, and was descending through a thick-set wood to the coast, a shriek reached his ears, which appeared to issue from the other side of the wood. It was a female voice and a cry of distress; and he did not hesitate to rush in the direction of the cry, which was repeated several times, and at length became fainter and fainter. Each diminishing sound urged the young man forward with greater velocity; but he had innumerable obstacles to surmount. The thick and long-leaved cactus, bristling with sharp thorns, continually impeded his progress. Sometimes he would attempt to tear up the plant by the roots; but its large, dense leaves, hard as oaken boards, half a foot wide and long in proportion, and frequently more than an inch thick, seemed to defy the feeble efforts of man; and he advanced slowly and with

incessant toil, while his torn garments gave ample proofs of the difficulties of his path.

He at length succeeded in reaching the spot to which the cries had attracted him, and, breathless and panting, he arrived in time to rescue a young and lovely girl from the hands of a villain.

It was fortunate for Howard that he had been on duty that morning on board the Thunderer, and that he had not taken off his uniform on quitting the ship, but had immediately proceeded on his rambles. He rushed upon the miscreant with his dirk, ere the wretch was aware of his presence, and struck him to the ground. The rescued female, overpowered with emotions of joy at her unexpected delivery, now lost her little remaining strength, and fell apparently lifeless at the feet of her deliverer.

Howard raised her in his arms, and attempted

to restore her to animation by fanning her with his hat; but his efforts did not meet with the desired effect, and in the greatest distress he laid her down, and looked round to procure some assistance, or to find some water to bathe her temples. At length, glancing in the direction of the Camaldoli, he saw a monk descending the mountain slowly, and at a measured pace; his grey cowl falling over the upper part of his face.

He shouted to him with all his strength, and the sound apparently reached him, for he quickened his pace, and by a short cut across the mountain, imperceptible where Howard stood, was soon by his side.

Why he had called him, did not require explanation. The apparently lifeless body of the young female indicated that assistance was necessary; and the monk assisted Howard in bearing her along, pointing out with his hand

the road they should take, and looking with earnest pity, and strong emotion, on the inanimate burthen they were supporting.

A few steps brought them to the cottage already mentioned, and the monk called an old woman to their assistance; who uttered the most piteous cries, on seeing them enter the cottage with the apparently dead body which they bore. But when they laid it down, a slight movement was perceptible in the hands, which became contracted; the deathly paleness gradually disappeared, and at length a sigh announced returning consciousness.

The monk bowed his head, and crossed himself, and appeared wrapped for some minutes in devout prayer; and then turned to young Howard with a look of enquiry. The young man's face was flushed with agitation; and his open, frank countenance and manner seemed to satisfy the monk, who turned his serious

penetrating eyes on him with an expression of benevolence.

Howard attempted to explain, as well as his newly-acquired and imperfect knowledge of Italian would allow, how he had succeeded in delivering the young female from the hands of the villain. The monk took his hand, and pressed it earnestly, in token of acknowledgment; and the old woman overpowered him with reiterated thanks.

The looks of the young girl expressed her feelings more plainly than utterance could declare. She could not speak; and when Howard withdrew, she followed him with anxious eyes to the door.

The monk remained some time with the cottagers, and then took the road towards the wood, where they had left the villain senseless; but the body was no longer there. Much

blood was on the ground; and traces of the same, which diminished by degrees, and at length entirely disappeared, were observable for some distance in the wood.

During some years, Naples, and the adjacent countries, had been infested by a band of robbers, who were the terror of the inhabitants. Wherever they appeared, all was desolation. Murder and rapine followed their steps; and the poor, timorous, peaceful natives found themselves forced to make a pact with them, and give them shelter and concealment, in order to protect themselves against their cruelty.

The government had in vain endeavoured to suppress them. Their band was so considerable, that they were distributed in most of the villages without being suspected. They had the means of acquiring information of the ar-

rival or departure of travellers in the different inns, and would then lie in wait on the roads to attack them as they passed.

They were also apprised by the villagers (whose interest it was that they should be destroyed, but whose timidity led them thus to counteract the endeavours made for that purpose) of the intended measures of government to suppress them, almost as soon as the means were devised, or the orders given.

They had fastnesses in the forests, where they were accustomed to rendezvous. Attempts were made to seize them, by cutting down the forests, and the country was laid waste for many miles round; but they had other places of concealment, and laughed at all the efforts of the soldiery.

This band of robbers was not composed merely of the lower order of depradators. Nobles, guilty of crimes, who had escaped from

the hands of justice, from prisons, or from the galleys, were connected with it.

They admitted into their fraternity those of other countries, provided they took the oaths imposed upon them, and submitted to their laws. There were villains from the Tuscan States, from Venice, Rome, Calabria, Parma, Pisa, Genoa—no matter whence they came, provided they had the will to dare.

They had lately received into their band the Marquis di Cesari, a very handsome young Roman nobleman, who had lived in the first circles at Rome, and been admired and courted as one of the leaders of fashion. He had been the owner of the finest equipages; and his hotel was furnished in a style of the greatest luxury and magnificence; but his prodigality was the principal cause of all his later crimes and degradation. His fortune could not suffice for the expences of his establishment.

He had an uncle, who was very rich, the cardinal of the same name; and having drawn largely on his bounty, until the old man had refused to encourage his extravagance any further, he bribed one of the servants to murder him.

The wretch executed his wishes with such precaution, that the author of the crime was not suspected; and the young man enjoyed his ill-acquired wealth in entire security.

Some time after, this same servant, emboldened by the impunity with which he had escaped the punishment his infamy merited, murdered another person, on some quarrel of his own; but his precautions this time were at fault. He was discovered, tried, and condemned to be beheaded.

On being led to the place of execution, he denounced his master, as having first initiated

him in sin and murder; and accused his judges of injustice, for punishing him and allowing his master to remain unmolested.

His accusation caused the apprehension of the Marquis di Cesari; and he was confronted with his servant, previous to the execution of the latter. The circumstances of the murder of the cardinal were too precisely detailed to admit of a doubt of the fact. Further investigation corroborated the accusation; but as the young man was of noble birth, both by the father's and mother's side, the laws of Rome could not condemn him to death. The blood of nobles may not be shed in that country even for crimes.

He was condemned to the galleys for life, and sent with other malefactors to Pisa,—there to sweep the streets, and perform other laborious tasks, chained, hand and foot, two by

two; and those chains never to be taken off, night or day, bare-headed and bare-footed; a loose serge-dress being their only covering.

The murderers are distinguished by the colour of their dress, it being red; the other malefactors are clothed in yellow. The cells in which they rest at night are cut in a rock, open to the night-air; and mid-way is a very elevated rock, overhanging the sea, with a narrow, tortuous path ascending it, which conducts to the different cells, and is guarded by a strong detachment of soldiery.

From this rock, and from the chains which bound him to another malefactor, and from the vigilant guards stationed over him, did the Marquis di Cesari escape *(h)*. He fled to the neighbourhood of Naples, and joined Grassiari's band.

The evil these depredators did at length be-

came of so extensive a nature, that the government was obliged to make great pecuniary sacrifices, in order to succeed in destroying them. A price was set on the head of their leader; and a reward was also offered for every one of the band apprehended by the peasants.

The love of gain was an incentive of sufficient power to induce the indolent peasantry to second the efforts of government, and make them break their covenant with these freebooters. Beset, and hunted down, they were obliged to seek for safety in flight; and they withdrew to one of the small islands in the Mediterranean, and thence removed to Elba, where they attempted to organise themselves, as they had done in the vicinity of Naples; concealing themselves in the rocks by day, and endeavouring to subdue the peasants

by terror at night; but little plunder could be obtained in a place so devoid of riches and luxury.

They could not persuade the Elbese peasantry to fraternise with them; and the resources with which they had fled from Naples began to diminish rapidly. They did not dare commit depredations openly by day, lest their places of concealment should be discovered; and they began to foresee the possibility of their perishing by starvation.

Their situation becoming very critical, a council was held to determine what they should do. It was agreed that a deputation of thirty of them, with Grassiari at their head, should return to Naples, and surrender themselves to government, making the best conditions they could obtain for themselves and the rest of their band.

They landed on the coast near Puzzoli at

sun-set, and concealed themselves, till the night was well set in, in the woods adjoining the Lago d'Aniano. There they concerted their future movements; and it was resolved that they should endeavour to persuade the abbot of the monastery of the Camaldoli to negotiate with government for them. This abbot was known to one of the banditti, and had behaved with some kindness at a period previous to his joining the band; and it was this individual who suggested employing the Padre Antonio as a negotiator for them with the government.

Augustin was the only son of a poor old widow woman residing at the foot of the Camaldoli. He used to carry hemp to be steeped in the Lago d'Aniano, a very dangerous employment, which annually cuts off many of the natives; the vicinity of the lake being rendered unhealthy by the malaria, in consequence of the fermentative process undergone in the

water by the hemp. Augustin caught the fever, and would have died, had not Marguerita, his mother, applied to one of the monks at the Camaldoli, through whose skill, and unwearying care, he at length recovered.

The monk who watched over him was the Padre Antonio, who shortly after became abbot of that community. It was then to him that Augustin suggested their addressing themselves. He had his reasons for thinking that Father Antonio would not refuse him, and he was deputed to confer with him.

They then ascended the steep, and winding rocky road which led to the monastery. As they drew near to it, the voices of the monks rose in solemn chant for the midnight service; and the sound rolled in harmonious diapasons past the startled ears of the ruffians, who formed themselves in a circle round the convent; it having been decided, that if they failed

in their request to the abbot, they should revenge themselves immediately by destroying the convent, and murdering the monks.

The holy sounds, so distinctly heard in the silence and stillness of the night, caused the less wicked of the band to shudder; and Augustin turned from the spot where the voices reached him, lest he should be unmanned, and incapable of executing his purpose. Father Antonio had saved his life, and he felt some remorse on depriving his benefactor of his, in requital for that service. There were other ties also between them, and the ruffian was not entirely forgetful of them, although his intercourse with more hardened villains had, in a great measure, destroyed any sensibility with which he might have been originally endowed.

The chant ceased, and silence reigned around; and the banditti, resting on their guns, re-

mained motionless. Sound is much more perceptible in the night season than in day time; wherefore has not been satisfactorily explained. It has been attributed by some to the repose in which every living creature is wrapped; and it is alleged that the insects, during the light of day, by their motion and imperceptible humming, thicken the atmosphere, and render it less impervious to sound. It may be so; but it might, in reply, be stated that other insects live only in the light of the moon; and that, even in the absence of all light, they supply its place, as, for instance, the fire-flies and others. Certain it is, that the slightest sound reaches much further, and more distinctly, in the night than in the day season; and in southern climates this fact is still more evident than in northern ones.

The banditti, without reasoning on this fact, were aware of its truth, and sought to avoid

discovery of their presence near the convent, by their remaining motionless while Augustin approached the gates, and knocked for admittance. He requested to see the abbot, stating that he came from a dying man, and desired to be conducted to him immediately. The appeal was irresistible, and the porter unbarred the gates, and conducted Augustin to the abbot's apartments, leaving him there, while he went to seek him in his cell, to which he had retired after the midnight service. The abbot started when he beheld Augustin, and his eye expressed displeasure.

"Whence come you, my son? Is our pact already broken?"

"Father, the covenant into which I entered with you, and by which I bound myself to become a soldier, has been dissolved by the band to which I belong," replied the ruffian undauntedly. "They released me long ago

from its observance; I acknowledge with them no laws but our own; I obey no other; but necessity, hateful, curbing necessity, forces us to bend the knee to an authority we despise. Starving, wretched, houseless wanderers, whose heads are set at price, whose own kindred thirst for their blood, and seek to sell them to the butcher's knife, such are we become; and now we are returned to the lion's den to sue for mercy. Father, I am deputed by our band to solicit your assistance; you are the prime minister's confessor, and you, if any one has the power, can obtain our pardon. I need not remind the abbot of the Camaldoli, that it is Augustin, Marguerita's son, who asks this service of him: nor is it needful to impress upon his mind, that the convent at this very moment is surrounded by his associates in misfortune, who, although bowed to the earth by suffering, have the power and the will to revenge insult,

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and to force compliance with a just and natural request."

The monk's care-worn countenance assumed a livid colour, while anger flashed from his stern eye; but he mastered his emotion, and questioned him with apparent calmness.

"What are your numbers?"

"We are thirty; and if pardon is granted, our whole band of five hundred will surrender at discretion."

The monk reflected long; and Augustin watched him with keen and fixed glance, prying, with intense anxiety, into the various workings of the soul of him, on whom his fate depended.

"I will speak to the minister; but ye must remain under confinement here, until I obtain his answer. If it is favourable, ye shall be released; if not,"——and he looked at the unabashed bandit for his answer.

His impatient comrades gave repeatedly the signal agreed-on, that they waited his return. The night was drawing near its close; and already a slight appearance of dawn encircled the bay. Five hours had passed in conference with the abbot, ere Augustin appeared, and in few words stated the success of his negociation, and the conditions to which he had consented in their names. No other alternative was possible; yet they hesitated for a few moments, whether to trust to the word of the abbot, and thus become prisoners; but Augustin reminded them, that now the fact of their being on Neapolitan soil having been made known, it would soon be spread abroad over the country; that the daylight precluded the possibility of escape, and that they had made up their minds to this measure, previously even to their landing from the felucca; that even at sea they would be pursued, and if taken, barbarously

butchered; and that at least in submitting to the measure prescribed, they ran a chance of delivery. Grassiari reminded them of their starving comrades, who awaited deliverance by their means, and at length they entered the chapel; that same chapel, whence had issued holy cantiques, and which was thus converted into a prison for the worthless ruffians, who had shuddered on hearing them! The doors were closed and fastened on them; and father Antonio repaired to the prime minister's hotel as the matin bells rung.

Father Antonio was earnest and sincere in his intentions of attempting to save the surrendered banditti, and to keep the word he had pledged to them. It was therefore with extreme disappointment, and loud-expressed displeasure, that he quitted the wily minister, who had made him evasive and unsatisfactory replies; although he urged, intreated, nay in-

sisted, stating that he had passed his word for their safety. The minister was too delighted at having these devastators in his power, to enter into the reverend father's feelings. He even summoned a secretary while the abbot was pleading, and gave him an order in the monk's presence; but he did it in an under tone of voice, which could not reach the ears of the abbot. The latter, however, suspected its tenor; and hastened back to the convent to give his prisoners warning to attempt their escape.

The sbirri were, however, speedier than he; and ere he reached the top of the mountain on which the monastery stood, he saw the banditti descending towards Naples, manacled, and surrounded by a considerable armed force. They were hurried along amidst the maledictions of the multitude assembled to see their fate; and were thrown into the subterraneous

dungeons under the palazzo of the kings of Naples.

These dungeons, of great extent, run under the entire area of the palazzo; and a small stair-case forms a communication between them and the king's private apartments. Here do criminals drag on the weary load of life, without ever beholding the light of heaven. Petty offenders are punished in a less degree, being condemned to work at the rocks, chained to one another; but they have light, air, and exercise, and only pass the night in their dungeons.

It is a harrowing and repulsive reflection, that whilst the subterraneous portion of the palace is inhabited by the perpetrators of crime and the sufferers of punishment, the upper apartments of the same building are filled with all the splendour, magnificence, and gaiety of life: that while dance and festivity on gala nights animate the youthful and gay in the

apartments of the sovereign, groans and sighs, imprecations and blasphemy, rise to the roof of the dungeons, only a few feet below those floors on which the joyous revellers tread.

To these gloomy abodes then were the surrendered banditti consigned. This event happened three years before the arrival of Admiral Harris, and his companions at Naples. In those three years, two-thirds of the prisoners had died in the extremity of suffering; their chains were never taken off; and when one died who was chained to another, his dead body was allowed to decay by the side of its living partner. So dreadful was their condition, that even their jailor felt compassion for them, and was prevailed on by Augustin, who was one of the survivors, to allow him to leave his dungeon in his company, and repair to the Camaldoli; where he wished to make one more effort to save the remainder of his companions and

himself. Grassiari, their chief, was dead; Cesari, the next in authority under him, had also succumbed to the severity of his confinement; and Augustin was chosen by the survivors as their leader.

It was sunset when the jailor accompanied Augustin to the Camaldoli. The entire length of Naples was to be traversed, previous to reaching the road which conducted to the mountain; and his fears were great lest detection should ensue, as the chains which were riveted on his prisoner clanked at each step he took; a sound so well known, that without raising their eyes, or moving to ascertain whether these conjectures were just, the inhabitants know that a galley-slave is passing. The jailor was armed for his own protection, not being disposed to trust to the honour of a ruffian, however he might be inclined to alleviate his sufferings.

By the time that they arrived at the convent the night had set in, and as they sounded the bell to ask admittance, the abbot approached the gates, as he returned to the convent from visiting the grave where Giuseppe was buried. The monk's stern countenance had still an expression of anguish on it, as though his thoughts had been of a very painful nature. There were traces of tears in the furrows of his cheeks, and it was evident that grief rather than time had made sad inroads on his once handsome features. As he looked up and saw the two men at the gate, and by the clear light of the moon which was now risen, perceived chains on one of them, he started with astonishment, and his gaze became more intent on the face of the manacled intruder, who appeared at so unusual an hour of the night.

Three years of suffering had much changed Augustin's appearance; but by degrees his

features were recalled to the abbot's recollection, and the circumstances of their last interview rapidly recurred to him.

"You may well start, father," said the ruffian; "you probably never expected to see me more. You have broken your faith with me, and thereby have caused the death of almost all my companions; but ten of us remain; we have languished in damp dungeons, ever since the day I trusted to your honour. I am nevertheless come to make one more effort with you to obtain pardon for me and my wretched companions; but remember what Augustin tells you. Woe to you, if you fail a second time."

The abbot motioned the jailor to withdraw to a little distance; and he obeyed, but kept his eye firmly fixed upon Augustin, and his finger on the trigger of his gun, in case the bandit should endeavour to make his escape.

Father Antonio then told him the efforts he

had made to save him, and the disappointment he had experienced when he saw him and his comrades dragged in fetters from the convent, notwithstanding the word he had pledged.

"It is a thankless office to serve a villain; it is even a thankless office to attempt to serve any one, and fail of success."

Resentment darkened the visage of the Neapolitan bandit; and with a menacing gesture he denounced vengeance on the monk.

"You shall rue the day that brought us first acquainted," muttered Augustin; and the sinister expression of his countenance betrayed the horrible thoughts he was ruminating. The jailor saw the menacing attitude of his prisoner, and drew nearer to the abbot, who, motioning a farewell to Augustin, entered the gates which had remained open since his arrival, and they were immediately closed on him.

The ruffian remained with his eyes cast down,

motionless, and buried in deep thought, until the jailor reminded him of his agreement, and that he must return to his prison. Then all the fury and desperation he felt burst forth; and hurrying on with all the quickness which his chains allowed, he descended the mountain, until they were out of hearing of the convent. At this moment suddenly stopping, and before his companion could be aware of his intentions, he approached him and entangled his legs in his own. They both fell, and a violent struggle instantly commenced; during which, the object of the villain was, with his one unshackled arm to gain possession of the gun, and the jailor used every effort to retain it. Augustin was, however, the stronger of the two, and his rage endowed him with almost supernatural strength. They had in the conflict drawn nearer to one of those tremendous precipices on the side of the mountain towards the sea.

Here he formed the desperate and infamous intention of sacrificing the man who, at his own peril, had broken through the severe discipline of the prison, and departed from his duty, in the benevolent hope of assisting a wretched, though sinful, fellow-creature.

After some struggling, he succeeded in dragging him to the edge of the rock projecting over the mountain side, and flung him with violence into the deep abyss. He then dragged himself into the wood, and with sharp flints succeeded, after long labour, in unriveting his chains. Towards the break of day, he entered his mother's cottage, ere Agathine had risen from her couch.

Her room was within that of Marguerita's; and her terror was beyond description when, on waking, she recognised the voice of Augustin conversing with the old woman; and heard

him narrate the events of the last three years, and his recent escapè.

"And now where is your pretty bird, mother? I will not be fooled again, as when I was a novice: I must, and will, see her. That old monk was very cunning with me once, but it is now my turn. He persuaded me to give up my trade of steeping hemp, and gave me gold, to bribe me to become a soldier, telling me that I should get the fever again, and that he should not be able a second time to save my life. But the old priest knew well why he wished me away. He saw that I fancied his pretty daughter! Aye, mother, aye; his daughter. Do you think that I believe all the history conjured up between you and him to impose upon me? I am wiser than you suppose. You should not have left me alone one day, when I was lying ill on my bed of the

fever, for which the monk attended me;—and when the old man who lodged with you was taken ill, and wanted to see the padre; and you could not get at him, because he was gone into Naples to the prime minister. Do you remember that day? Do you remember that the old man, who was a foreigner, was obliged to tell you all his history, because he felt the life was going from him?—and, heaven knows, what a job it was with his lingo! But he made it clear enough for me that my pretty mistress there (pointing to the door of Agathine's chamber) is the padre's daughter, and that he recommended the greatest care of her. I should have heard the rest of his story but for that magpie, Aniello, who came to see me. When I got rid of him, the old sinner was still at his story, and telling you how, and where, he would be buried; and all you were to tell the padre about his attachment,

and fidelity, and what not. Do you remember all this? And now, mother, a padre hasn't a pretty daughter for nothing; nor will I let the little bird languish on alone in her cage. She shall have a lover, and a fine stout one like myself, so don't be barring my passage to her room. You know of old I don't understand control, or opposition to my will; and if you won't let me pass by fair means, and like a reasonable woman, why, I shall not think much of silencing your clamour, and stiffening your limbs. I have not been a *ruffiano* for three years to be overcome by an old woman, even though that old woman be my mother; so make way."

Marguerita trembled. She knew the impetuosity of her son's temper: she knew, too, how her means of existence depended on her honourable care of her charge.

"My son, you shall see Agathine, but she

is not yet risen; have patience, and I will fetch her to you;" and in her heart she supplicated the assistance of some saint.

Agathine, meanwhile, had not waited to hear more than his first demand for her, but had stealthily clambered out of the window of her room, and ran, with the speed of a fawn, to the top of the mountain to the convent of the Camaldoli, as the nearest place of succour.

It was a day of solemn festival in the convent. The gates were closed, and the distressed maiden rang for assistance in vain. Fearing pursuit and discovery, she then fled into the wood, and remained concealed some time; but Augustin sought her with too keen an eye not to discover her; and it was then that her shrieks had brought young Howard to her deliverance.

From that day, Howard felt himself continually drawn towards the Camaldoli mountain.

The country struck him as more beautiful, and the scenery more interesting, than in any other direction. Hardly a day passed without his paying a visit at the cottage; and latterly the pretty Agathine had advanced, in the road leading to their little dwelling, to meet the Signor Enrico, as he arrived.

They were less interrupted in the little nothings which they said to each other than in the small room, in which the loquacious Marguerita considered herself bound to do the honors.

"I am afraid, signor," said the fair-haired Agathine to Howard, one evening after some weeks had thus passed; "I am afraid Father Antonio is displeased with me, and yet I do not know what I have done to offend him."

"First, my pretty signorina, let me understand why it signifies if the old monk *is* displeased with you; and, next, we will discuss

the possibility of his being such an old stone as to look at you without loving you ; as to be near to you, as he sometimes is, for hours together, without doing as I now do." And he encircled her with his arms, and kissed her fair forehead.

Agathine blushed deep as the fresh-blown rose, and gently withdrew from his arms.

" Signor Enrico, you do not then know that Father Antonio is my confessor ; and that he has a right to be angry with me if I do any thing which may incur his disapprobation. To him I tell my most inmost thoughts ; and many, many have our conversations been about you. The good padre approved of all I said concerning you ; commended me for the deep gratitude I bear you, and encouraged me never to forget my friend ; but yesterday he had been into Naples, and he entered our cottage, as he was returning to the convent, and told me, with a very stern look, that he forbade me

ever to speak with you again. His prohibition made me weep; and then he looked most terribly, and bade me mind his injunctions, or tremble at his anger. I begged Marguerita to tell you this, when you should come, but she fears the padre even more than I do, and she refused to see you. It was the greatest difficulty I obtained her permission to meet you this once. Farewell, Signor Enrico," sighed the pretty Agathine, as she turned to depart.

Howard was going to detain her; but she raised her eyes towards the Camaldoli, and beheld the monk, at a distance, descending the mountain; and, with light and rapid step, she ran towards the cottage, and was soon out of sight.

Howard's agitation, surprise, and resentment were too great for him to be able to meet the monk at that moment; but he resolved to seek him, even in his own convent, if he could

not meet him elsewhere, and obtain an explanation of the sudden antipathy he had inspired.

He returned every evening to the spot where he used to meet Agathine, but she never appeared; and he was deeply annoyed at her obedience to her confessor, and the little regard she seemed to entertain for him.

Several weeks passed thus; and the greater Howard felt the difficulty of approaching Agathine, the more he desired it. His youthful fancy was touched by the naiveté and beauty of the fair Italian; and, now that he was deprived of her, he rushed headlong in pursuit of her, without once reflecting what might be the result of his passion, or what might be expected of him by the young girl's protectors.

He had not entertained any positive intentions, or formed any settled plan concerning her; but the sudden obstacles which he encountered to meeting her, fanned the flame

which had lain smothered in his breast; and from a boyish predilection, his heart suddenly expanded to the all-powerful feeling of passionate love.

If women, in general, knew the potent spell which they possess to draw and attach their slaves, they would not be so unmindful of it as they often are. Many a young girl would be spared pain and humiliation, in this "degenerate age," if her parents reflected a little more on the nature and character of man; whose principal peculiarity is, a desire to overcome difficulties and obstacles, and who cares little for that which he can easily possess. In the language of the poet,—

"Women are angels wooing;
Things done are won;
Joy sole lies in the doing."

CHAPTER III.

"The breath of one of evil deed
Pollutes our sacred day;
He has no portion in our creed,
No part in what I say.
A being, whom no blessed word
To ghostly peace can bring;
A wretch, at whose approach abhorred
Recoils each holy thing."

THE GREY BROTHERS.

"From a mind delighting in sorrow; from spirits wasted in passion; from a heart torn in pieces with care, grief, and travel; from a man that hateth himself, and all things that keep him alive, what can your majesty expect."

EARL OF ESSEX TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ONE evening that Howard had been to the Camaldoli, to endeavour to find the abbot, who

was absent, he proceeded to the cottage, resolved to see Agathine, and discover the cause of the apparent change in her sentiments towards him, and of the monk's prohibition. Then it was that he first guessed why Agathine had observed the monk's instructions, and avoided him.

The cottage was abandoned ; the inhabitants were gone. He had no clue by which to trace them, for the cottage stood entirely alone. The nearest habitations were at Puzzoli, by far too removed to have any knowledge of the proceedings of the cottagers ; and he returned to Naples, harassed in body and mind, and in that state of gloomy dispiritedness which disappointment and *desœuvrement* produce.

As he proceeded up the Toledo to the admiral's lodgings, through the crowded population,—whose full tide flows up that street, and indeed through every part of the town,

after the sun has descended from his meridian, and that the hour of the siesta is passed,—he thought he perceived the abbot of the Camaldoli, but he could not be certain; the dress was the same as that worn by all the fraternity, and the hood was lowered over his eyes; but there was something in his stature and gait which bespoke the lofty churchman; and, when he first saw him, Howard was certain he was looking at him, and that he turned his head rapidly aside.

There is an attraction, in the fixed gaze of the human eye, which will draw the attention of the person so looked at even across a crowded theatre, or the densest multitude any where assembled. After a short time, the person gazed at will unconsciously turn his eyes to the gazer, however far distant, and however previously ignorant of the looks directed at him. How to account for this appears almost to be

impossible. It cannot be supposed that the influence of magnetism, or the influence of volition (should the gazer fix his eyes with the intention of obliging the object of his examination to turn a look towards him), can extend across numbers of persons to the one acted upon by this attraction.

When Howard reached his own lodgings, which were not far removed from those of Admiral Harris, he again observed the monk, who appeared to be watching him, and dogging him in the zigzag line, which a passage through a moving multitude necessitates. When, however, he reached the house in which the admiral resided, he no longer perceived the monk.

He found the admiral and Norris together; the latter looking very grave, and the admiral silent. Some scene must have occurred;—their silence and embarrassment were not re-

lieved by his presence, and he was going to withdraw, through motives of delicacy, when the admiral, making an effort to recover his composure, called him back.

"Howard, the king has invited us to a *partie de chasse* at Portici; I suppose you will attend this invitation."

"Certainly, sir," replied Howard; "won't you also, Captain Norris?"

The admiral replied for him,—"No, he can't go; he has another engagement which will prevent him."

The admiral and Captain Norris exchanged looks. Howard perceived there was some mystery with which he was not to be acquainted, and asked no further questions. Shortly after the two young men took their leave, and withdrew.

How little does man appear, when, merging intellect in sensation, he centres his happiness

in being "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw." The savage would look with contempt on a white man, and a sovereign, a ruler of his people—one in whom the veto of life or death is vested—taking his recreation at the chase, such as was that to which the admiral and his companions had been invited.

The court, with all the attendants in carriages, or on horseback, formed indeed a gay procession. Troops, in splendid uniforms, surrounded the royal carriages; the horses prancing and snorting, while numberless servants ran on either side, before and behind the cavalcade, with torches of pine-wood, to light the escort. At short distances, bonfires of the same pine-wood, flaming high and bright, were placed on either side of the road from the palace-gates of Capo di Monte, where the court were residing, down the steep road all the way to the sea-coast. The effect of these

bonfires was animating, and added a wild grace to the scene.

The night was clear, mild, and beautiful, as the Italian nights almost always are; the moon, with her bright light, casting rays of silver on the still bay, and rivalling upon the shore the yellow lurid flames of the bonfires.

All was bustle and movement in the town; the inhabitants following the royal procession, in numerous carriages, to witness the chase, a common and favourite pastime of their kings.

Arrived at Portici, the whole party alighted, and placed themselves in a circle, described by numberless little lamps of variegated colours. Pages in brilliant dresses stood within the circle, with large gold-headed sticks in their hands.

In the centre of the circle, suspended between columns of white marble, richly decorated and illuminated, and placed at regular

distances, were long and large sacks, made of small netting, filled with small birds alive, which had been caught previously, by the help of lanterns, attracting them into the nets.

The sport was ready, the spectators breathless with impatience, and the king entered the circle. The pages advanced, and, with bended knee, presented the sticks on velvet cushions. The king took one, and then struck on the sacks, blow succeeding blow with rapidity, until all the little birds were smashed dead. The sport lasted some time; the sacks were full, the birds tenacious of life; but the greatest joys have but a term!

After the chase, a supper was spread on numerous small tables in the garden of the palace, overlooking the sea, and prepared with all the choicest refreshments. Fenuchie *(i)*, muzzarelle,angini e frutti de mare, maccheroni e casicavalla; ices, of various sorts; fruits,

the natural growth of the climate, without forcing, &c. Bands of music, in boats, were rowed close to the garden, and played all the time the party were at supper.

Howard listened with delight to the soft music from the water, which, in a great measure, compensated for the disgust he had experienced at the commencement of the fête. He sat enjoying the harmonious sounds, while his eyes were fixed on vacancy, and his thoughts were turned in romantic fondness towards the little lonely cottage and the pretty Agathine; his eager mind busied in vain conjectures as to where she could be gone. What then was his astonishment, when, turning his eyes towards the bay, and the boats near the shore, he perceived, by the bright clear light of the moon, upon the beach, at a short distance from the wall of the garden where the royal party were supping, a monk, and by his side a light deli-

cate form, which, with the keen eye of love, he discovered to be his little Agathine. It certainly was she;—but how should she have come such a distance from Naples, and why alone with the monk at such an hour of night?

He did not wait to reflect on any thing, but, with that agility which sailors possess in a superior degree, he vaulted over the parapet of the wall, which was low on the interior, but elevated to a considerable height on the side near the sea, and clambered down, something like a cat would have done, fixing his hands and feet on slight projections; flinging himself, with an accuracy which precluded danger, across to fresh projections in the wall, and at last bounding down on the beach, and then running in the direction of those he had seen from the garden.

Whether his descent had been observed, and

had alarmed the persons he saw, or whether it was an illusion of his fancy, his mind being strongly impressed with the subject, when he was tired with running, and halted to recover breath, he perceived that he was pursuing nothing. The shore was perfectly lonely.

The music, wafted at intervals from the boats, fell softly on his ear, and he returned slowly towards the spot whence he had departed. But to clamber *up* the wall which he had descended so rapidly, and without the incentive which had aided him in descending, was not so easy; and he felt he should besides attract the attention of the party still at supper, should he be perceived entering the palace-garden in so unusual a manner.

His exit had been so rapid that it had not been remarked; a tree overshadowing the table, at which he had sat alone, listening to the music. He therefore proceeded along the

beach skirting the walls of the garden, which was very extensive, and endeavoured to discover some entrance to it, or road conducting to that which led to Naples.

Finding that his walk might be continued for some time, without quitting the beach, he hailed a fisherman in a boat, at a little distance, who was employed in spearing fish by torch-light, according to the custom of the Neapolitans *(k)*.

The fisherman heard Howard's shout, and rowed to the shore; and the young man telling him his perplexity, enquired where he could join the road to return to the palace. As he continued speaking, the fisherman jumped out of his boat, and flinging a rope fixed to the boat, with an iron spike attached to it, on the beach, stuck it between the stones, and approached Howard, looking at him earnestly and distrustfully, and endeavouring, by

the light of the moon, to get a perfect view of his features. When Howard had ceased speaking, the fisherman continued staring at him; but it was not a vacant stare, nor did it appear as if he could not understand him, although addressed in good Italian, instead of the *patois* spoken by the lazzaroni.

Howard raised his voice, and repeated what he had said; and then the fellow, with a slow and drawling accent, replied that he would conduct him, if he would give him something to compensate for the loss he should sustain of the fish which he would have caught. Howard promised him that he should not be a loser by his trouble; and then the fisherman, drawing his brown hood over his head, sprang forward with alacrity, bidding the young officer follow him.

The night by this time was nearly dark. The moon, which was in its first quarter, was

setting; and as they proceeded through the rocks which concealed the road from their view, the obscurity was so great they could hardly discern the path they were pursuing. Once or twice the lazzarone stopped short; but when Howard came up to him, he eyed him for a minute from head to foot, fixed his eyes on the dirk by his side, and then sprang forward.

At length, they got into the road conducting to the palace-gates; and Howard perceived that the carriages were advancing to receive the party on their return home to Naples. He pushed forward rapidly, flinging the money he had promised to the fisherman, and hastening to reach the gates, now crowded with servants, torch-bearers, soldiers, carriages of all sorts,—all assembling, in tumult, noise, and confusion, to await the call of the different persons departing.

Howard was anxious to join Admiral Harris,

in order to get conveyed to Naples, instead of having to walk that long distance in the middle of the night; and made his way as well as he could through the crowd,—jostling some, jostled by others, pushed back by the soldiers, who saw the king and his party advancing to join the carriages, and pressed on all sides. He found himself so far in the thick of the throng, and so closely environed, that he could not move; but endeavoured to keep his head above the crowd, to catch Admiral Harris's eye, should he pass.

While thus awkwardly situated, he felt his dirk catch in something, but could not extricate it, his left hand being so fixed by the pressure of the crowd that he could not move it; and he remained, holding his hat up with the other, to draw the attention of the admiral, raising himself as high as he could on his feet, for fear of missing him.

At last the royal party entered their carriages, which dashed forwards with guards and torch-bearers; and then followed the different individuals invited to the chase.

The pressure of the crowd diminished by the different departures, and Howard, whose arm was still raised across several heads, made a sign to the admiral, who saw him, and moved instantly towards him. At the moment that he approached close to his lieutenant, an arm was raised through the crowd with a bright dagger directed towards Howard's breast. Admiral Harris saw the poniard, and with a rapidity, surprising in him, seized the outstretched arm. A struggle ensued; the poniard fell to the ground; and the individual who had made the attempt, broke violently from the grasp of the admiral. Howard had scarcely seen what had happened, the whole passed so quickly. The admiral called to him to seek the assassin.

The crowd opened and cleared; but no one could be discovered likely to have attempted the deed. The bystanders were mostly the servants belonging to the different carriages. The admiral had only seen the arm, but thought he had recognized the dress common to the Neapolitan fishermen.

Howard stumbled over something which proved to be his dirk; and he then recollected having felt it pulled at while pressed by the crowd. The villain who had purposed his death had, however, escaped.

The admiral invited Howard to enter his carriage, and they drove on to Naples. At first, both of them were silent; Howard agitated with the various feelings he had experienced, and the admiral seemingly plunged in reverie. At length the young man addressed his patron.

"What can have become of the fellow;

From what you say of his dress, I strongly suspect it must have been the fisherman I had engaged to show me my way."

"Your way! where, Harry?"

"Why," said Howard, a little confused, "I had lost my way out of the gardens, and for the life of me I could not find it back again."

"But why should a fisherman want to murder you?"

"That is more than I can guess, sir, I assure you," said Howard laughing, "I have adhered to the injunctions you gave on landing here some months ago, and have made love to no jealous husband's wife that I am aware of."

"My good friend," said the admiral, "are you as sure that you have not made love to some jealous guardian's ward?" and he looked very earnestly at Howard, who coloured deeply.

"Harry," continued the admiral, seeing the

young man's confusion, "I intended having a little conversation with you to-morrow morning, and I think I must not delay my intentions."

"Why not directly, sir?" said Howard, who did not feel himself guilty of any thing meriting censure, and was now instigated by curiosity.

"There is a reason why I cannot now, Harry, but you shall know more to-morrow."

They had by this time reached the Toledo, and the admiral, after setting down Howard at his lodgings, proceeded home, having wished his young friend a good night's rest after his providential escape; and Howard expressed with all the warmth of his nature his gratitude to the admiral for the life, which he had preserved to him that night.

"Harry," said the admiral, shaking the young man cordially by the hand, "I would far rather have fallen myself, than that one in

the morn of life should have been the victim of a miscreant. Come to me to-morrow morning, and promise me to go no where previously."

Howard promised him faithfully, and so they parted.

Admiral Harris found Captain Norris standing at the door of his house, anxiously awaiting his arrival. His countenance was very serious, and taking the admiral's arm, they entered the house together, when he recounted the success of his mission that night.

It must be mentioned, that the day on which Howard had found the two officers in serious conference, which had been interrupted by his arrival, Admiral Harris had received a letter, which he had just communicated to Captain Norris, adding the request that he would keep the appointment made in that letter. It was written in Italian, and couched as follows ;—

"To Admiral Harris.

"You consider yourself the guardian of your young lieutenant; why do you not fulfil the duties which that title requires of you? Is it only to be the guardian of his fortune, that you were selected by his father? Are you not called upon to guard him from the dangers to which his youth and inexperience expose him? Are you not called upon to prevent his forming undue connections?

"Know, that he loves, where his love must never be returned: honour, duty, religion, equally forbid it.

"Let your friend Captain Norris be under the walls of the palace gardens at Portici, three nights hence, at the third hour, and he shall know more concerning Henry Howard."

Captain Norris had, in consequence of the admiral's request that he would attend this appointment, declined the invitation to the *chasse*

given by the king; and repairing to Portici, at the hour indicated in the letter, three hours after twenty-four o'clock, or in other words three hours after sunset, he paced along the bank under the garden-walls. After a short time, he was joined by a monk, who addressed him in Italian.

Captain Norris had acquired a very good knowledge of the language, and was therefore competent to undertake the conference. The monk began;—

"You have done well, my son, to attend to the letter which I wrote to your admiral."

Norris bowed, and waited in silence for further communication. The monk seemed greatly agitated; his voice faltered, and became weak, as he continued;—

"You may spare your young friend much misery, by protecting him against himself. The admiral's authority must also be exerted.

Swear to me a solemn oath, that the communication which I shall make to you shall be sacredly kept within your own breast; swear to me that you will only repeat such portion of it as I shall indicate to the admiral; swear, or I am silent, and that which I would have told you, to save your friend from dishonour and regret, shall never be disclosed. That revelation, which causes agonies to me beyond those I should experience were my body dragged over flaming plough-shares, shall be confided to none."

The monk stood erect before Norris; his hands clenched, and raised upwards; his eyes fixed in penetrating earnestness on Norris's countenance.

"Your confidence shall be sacred," replied Norris; "I swear it solemnly to you."

"Know then," said the monk, speaking English, "that the miserable wretch who stands

before you unintentionally murdered Henry Howard's mother! Yes, murdered that angel, who sought to preserve a life I was intending to destroy, and fell by the pistol which she endeavoured to wrest from my hand, when with impious frenzy I sought to terminate an existence become loathsome to me. For that I have condemned myself to live as long as this mortal frame will bear the load of sorrow which wrings my heart; yes, to linger to the latest breath, and not to seek to end my woes; that my sufferings, my repentance, my agonies, prolonged to their utmost limit, may be accounted some portion of the punishment my heinous crime deserves.

"Now, say," continued the monk after a pause, which his mental sufferings forced him to make, "can Howard respect the murderer of his mother? Can he sue honourably or otherwise, the offspring (for her he is now wooing,)

of one, whose soul has been darkened by the bloodshed of innocence and purity? Never must he wed her; never more must he see her.

"Oh! he has heaped coals of fire on my head. He saved the life of my innocent child from the hands of a villain; he, whose mother lies in the cold grave by my madness! I have removed her far beyond his reach; but watch him; prevent his seeking for her. I have abased myself to this confession to you; yet, alas! humiliation becomes me. Respect my sorrows, and the confidence I have placed in you. Make heedful use of it, but no more."

Norris, shocked, as well as astonished, could hardly answer him; at length he said;—

"Wretched man, your sorrows shall not be increased by me; be perfectly confident that your secret shall rest safe in my bosom. But tell me, how can I apprize the admiral without betraying you?"

"I trust to you,, Captain Norris," replied Marston: "farewell."

He strode on a few paces, and then sank on the ground.

Norris was still in the same spot; his eyes following the monk, and his thoughts painfully perplexed with what he had learnt, when he saw him sink to the earth. He sprang forward, and endeavoured to raise him. He had fainted.

Norris withdrew the cowl from his head, rubbed his temples, and used every endeavour to restore him to animation; and while thus engaged, Agathine, or as we may now call her, Eleanor, hurried from behind a rock, where she had been left by Marston to await his return. Her voice, trembling with surprise and terror, at seeing him in the arms of a stranger, seemed to reach his fainting organs, and he endeavoured to raise himself. After a few mi-

nutes he was able to do so, and again bidding Norris farewell, proceeded along the beach in the direction of Torro del Greco with Agathine.

It was when they were passing an angle of one of the walls of the gardens of Portici, that Howard had seen them. They turned into a road issuing from the beach, which Howard had not perceived, and he had continued in a straight line along the border of the sea, while they were pursuing a contrary direction.

Norris, as he returned to Naples, considered how he might apprise the admiral of Howard's attachment without betraying Marston, and at last devised the following romance.

He told him that Howard was in love with a young Neapolitan, who was under the care of a jealous guardian: that she was betrothed to another; and that if he were allowed to pursue his passion, he would draw a host of powerful enemies upon him.

The admiral took alarm at the idea of a Neapolitan connexion, and especially with one of the catholic persuasion; and when Howard appeared the next morning, he had a long conversation with him, in which he informed him of his knowledge of his attachment; and told him, there were insurmountable obstacles to his seeing Agathine any more.

"It must not be, my young friend; I, as your guardian, must take upon me to prohibit your seeking her or thinking of her more."

Howard had been so many years under the authority of the admiral, and was so well acquainted with his character, that he would not venture to argue with him, or dispute his right to order him to do, or not to do, anything. But perhaps he did not in his own mind consider the command which he had just received, as a law which he intended to obey. He answered, however;—

"Your injunctions are not difficult to follow, sir, for I have not the slightest knowledge whither she has been removed."

"So much the better, Harry, believe me," said the admiral; "and now don't feel unkindly towards me for this interference in your concerns. You may remember I warned you against stilettos; and you see that you have incurred the danger, probably by the friends of the young girl;" and the admiral told Norris of the attempt to assassinate Howard the preceding evening.

Norris was convinced there was no connexion between the two histories, from his knowledge of the real state of the case; and was in consequence the more uneasy for his young friend; but no further attempt of the sort was made on him, and by degrees the circumstance was forgotten. Not so, Agathine.

It was the season of the carnival, and gaiety

succeeded gaiety. The revellers crowded the streets; gay groups danced with their masks on; in the houses, out of the houses, in the public places, in the streets, on the beach, in all directions were groups of maskers to be seen; and Howard sought his pretty Agathine in every place where he hoped chance might lead him to meet her. Persons of every class and age joined in the revels, and he hoped by assiduous observance to discover her; but all in vain.

Norris, meanwhile, had by degrees resumed his unfortunate predilection for the gaming-table. In the morning, he in general strolled about with Howard; but when the night arrived, he regularly resorted to San Carlos, at the hour when the lieutenant went to pass his evenings with the admiral, which he had regularly done since he had lost Agathine.

For some time, Norris's losses did not mate-

rially affect his means; occasional success repaired the strokes of ill fortune he not unfrequently sustained: but continuity of play placed the balance gradually and considerably against him; and he began to feel embarrassed to pay the sums he ventured on the dice. He was of too high a spirit to solicit the assistance of a friend; and therefore kept Howard in total ignorance of his position, preferring borrowing at usurious interest from the bankers of the gaming-table. But when these began to perceive that they were incurring the risk of not being repaid, they at first augmented their charges, and then refused to make further advances until the sums advanced were made good; and they became urgent and clamorous for repayment.

Norris feared Admiral Harris more than did Howard; and he carried about with him a mind tortured by anxiety. Howard soon ob-

served the alteration in the countenance of his friend, who had always been cheerful till latterly; and he ventured one day to remark it to him. At first, Norris denied that any thing had occurred to affect him; but, pressed earnestly by the warm-hearted Howard, he at last consented to reveal his error, and its consequences.

"Meet me to-morrow," he said, "at the Caserta; and in the solitude of the park I will communicate to you the cause of my anxiety."

Howard promised to meet him there in the evening, a little before twenty-four o'clock, as he said smiling, and they parted.

At an early hour, the following morning, Howard went to chase the chevreuil in the direction of the Camaldoli mountain. The chace was long and fatiguing; and when it was ended he laid himself down under a tree, to

take his siesta in the shade, according to the fashion of the country.

On awaking, he saw sitting by him the Padre Antonio. At first, his senses were not sufficiently acute to recollect the past, and he looked up at him with half-vacant eyes; by degrees, those eyes became more animated, as he recognised Agathine's confessor, and was beginning to frame the discourse he had long meditated, but the countenance of the monk made him forego his intention. The expression of deep-seated grief, combined with gentleness and strong emotion, awed and affected him.

Tears rolled down the furrowed cheeks of the reverend father, as he sat contemplating in Howard the well-remembered features of his mother. It was his voice which awoke him, uttering a benediction on him.

(1) "Iddio lo benedica e lo abbia sempre

sotto la sua santa protezione.——Ma che dico? ——e posso io lusingarmi che la mia voce arriva fino al creatore?—No—no!——Antonio may not bless you, or call blessings on you."

"Padre," at length said Howard, "why have you removed and concealed Agathine from me? Have I proved myself unworthy of her? Might I not claim from you more confidence?"

"My son," interrupted Antonio, "*I* might have claimed more confidence from you than you have shown me. Have you not sought to win Agathine's affection? Did you not meet her oftentimes, unknown to me?—But we will not revert to the past. You will never see Agathine more: she is gone. It is I that have sent her away. You look angry, my son. It is for your sake I have removed her.——Farewell, my son.——Do not detain me.——See,

our procession advances.—I must hence.——Forget Agathine; submit to that which is inevitable.——"

The padre withdrew, notwithstanding Howard's earnest intreaties to stay and explain words so mysterious.

In a few minutes the procession passed him, with Antonio leading it. His head sank on his chest as he approached Howard, but the same expression of melancholy and suffering was evident; an expression which, like every other "language of the features," it would be impossible for speech to describe.

How delineate the meaning of the human eye, while under the influence of different passions; and yet each conveys a distinct tale! The jealous eye, the mistrustful, the passionate, the sorrowing, the benevolent, the cruel, the absent, the listening (for when in the act of listening attentively the eye takes a peculiar

expression), the false, the devout, the sensual, the grateful, the resentful, the insensible, the penetrating, the insane, each has a different appearance; and the same person, undergoing those different changes of feeling, would have all their varieties of expression without the outlines of the eyes varying in the least. No doubt, it is the influence of these expressions on other orbs, which produces on the human countenance the various lines by which it is marked. The feeling the passions alone would not produce the same effect; and the proof of this it is within the reach of every one to verify. Remark the expression of countenance which characterizes the blind; it is uniformly passive, calm, and without strong lines or muscles; and yet the persons so afflicted have all their sorrows and feelings, in common with other men. Remark the countenance of the deaf and dumb, who consult the expression of

the eyes of others to understand and reply: it is haggard, and seamed with lines *(m)*.

It was the fête of St. Genaro (Januarius). His blood was to be exhibited in a phial to the faithful; and all the different ecclesiastical communities, in and around Naples, were assembled in the magnificent church bearing the name of the patron saint. The villages, for a considerable distance around, poured forth their inhabitants to keep this most solemn fête, and repaired to the church in question.

From the mountain where Howard had seen the friars descend in procession, he could also view the inhabitants of Puzzoli hastening along towards the town of Naples, and, instinctively joining the crowd, he accompanied the procession to the church, which he entered with them.

The scene was imposing: the hundreds of prostrate suppliants, with upraised arms, im-

ploring their tutelar saint not to abandon them, disposed the mind to religious feelings. Even although superstition and erroneous belief assemble a multitude, the fact of their being assembled in honour of the Creator gives a holy character to their meeting; and the young Englishman felt awed and devout by their reverent bearing.

Nothing is more impressive, or inspires higher feelings of devotion, even to a Christian and a true believer, than witnessing the adoration of the Hindoos, at certain solemn moments; such as an eclipse of the sun (their divinity). The writer was present on such an occasion. It had been predicted by the bramins that the sun would hide his face from them, on a certain evening, before his usual hour of retiring. Such a menace threw terror into the whole Hindoo country; and the population of India, within a very extensive

limit, came in pilgrimage, with their wives, their children, and their slaves, to the Mount Ardingur, to deprecate, by prayer and submission, the anger of their god.

They came, preceded by their bramins, and high-priests, and chiefs, attired in the beautiful, graceful dresses of the country: muslin tunics, fastened round their waists by silken sashes, richly embroidered with gold, silver, and precious stones; loose pantaloons, fastened at the ancles by gold circlets, bracelets of precious stones encircling their bronze arms; earrings, of enormous length, falling from their ears; and their turbans, of white muslin or shawls, ornamented with precious stones.

As they ascended the steep and high mountain, to which they had come a pilgrimage, of days to some, of weeks to many, the eclipse began; and by the time the priests, carrying altars, on which to burn incense, had gained

the summit of the mountain, surrounded by thousands, devout, silent, and awe-struck, the resplendent globe was suddenly concealed, while beyond its circle a magnificent purple lightextended itself over the horizon, and was reflected from all the objects within the reach of its rays, gilding them with colours richer than the hues of the Tyrian loom.

The rich colouring was diffused over the thousands of God's creatures there assembled; and they showed, with their bronze-coloured skins, illumined by the brilliant dye, like so many breathing statues of burnished gold. The effect of the concealment of that burning orb—one of the most magnificent and incomprehensible works of their creator, the god of their adoration—was to fill the breasts of all with awe, amazement, and terror. Simultaneously, they prostrated themselves in silence, and bowed their heads in the dust,

while the priests prayed aloud with fervour; and when the multitude dared again raise their heads, the glorious setting sun appeared in all its splendour, and a shout of joy, of astonishment, and of profound gratitude, rose from the congregated thousands.

In general, those whose lives are exposed to constant and imminent danger on the watery element, are religious. Their constant approach to eternity draws their minds towards the contemplation of death, and reminds them of the frailty and weakness of their earthly tenure. Howard, independently of these circumstances, was of a religious turn of mind; and he prayed, in the Catholic temple, with as much devotion as though the service had been performed according to the rites of his own church.

When the service was concluded (the saint

had been propitious, and his blood had flowed rapidly in the phial), the different processions of monks quitted the church, suffering a portion of the multitude to pass between each brotherhood.

Howard's eyes were fixed on Father Antonio, when an exclamation from some one behind him, made him turn round.

"By Jove, there's a pretty girl!"

The exclamation came from one of the midshipmen of the Thunderer, who had come to witness the fête of St. Gennaro; and Howard, turning his head in the direction in which the youth was looking, felt the blood rush to his heart, for he saw Agathine, accompanied by Marguerita, slowly withdrawing from the church, while her eyes followed Howard. Approach was impossible. A long line of monks was descending the centre of the

church: Agathine was divided from him by them; and he struggled through the masses which impeded his progress in vain.

So intent was he on not losing sight of Agathine, that he entirely forgot both the admiral's orders, and the monk's prohibition; and, in his endeavours to make his way across the church, found himself jostling and pushing—whom?—no other than Father Antonio himself; who, instantly imagining the cause of the young man's rashness, seized his arm with a firm grasp, to endeavour to recall him to reason; but he neither looked at him, nor heeded him; he kept his eyes in the direction in which he had seen Agathine, for fear of losing her, and struggling with what detained him, shook the arm off, and rushed out of the church. There the difficulties he met with were more numerous: besides the crowds densely clustered on the steps of the church, through which he

had to force his way, numbers of sediolis *(n)*, with their little swift trotting horses, were crossing in every direction.

"Ayé guardate e non dubità, signó," said the conductor of one of these sediolis to a little smart Neapolitan, and her cicisbéo, as they clambered into his carriage, while he mounted behind, to hold the reins over their heads and guide the horse, with an enormous long whip in his hand, and a gay-coloured broad silk sash fastened round his waist, over a tight nankeen dress;—"Non dubità;" and off he went, as swift as the wind, straight across Howard's passage, who gave in his heart the whole population to the devil.

He sought in vain for the fair-haired Agathine, with her tresses bound round her brow, and fixed with bodkins, her little green velvet bodice trimmed with lace, the short party-coloured petticoat and gaily-embroidered apron, and the

stocking, with coloured clock, drawn tight over the neat-made foot and ancle.

In every direction, the crowd was equally thick and impassable; and he jumped into one of the sedioli, recollecting his rendezvous with Norris at Caserta.

Antonio returned with his community in procession to the Camaldoli; and then, hastily withdrawing, retired to his cell. There, where the eye of curiosity could not penetrate, —where he felt himself alone, and unobserved,—he could give vent to his agonising thoughts and feelings. There, for many years, had he expiated—if heart-rending grief, remorse, prayer, and self-inflicted torture, can expiate—his sins, and involuntary crime. The contemplation of Howard's countenance—the living image of his mother—while reposing, had opened afresh his mental wounds, and

brought before his eyes the innocent cause of all his misery and suffering. He flung himself on the stone-floor of his cell, and writhed under the tortures of his mind.

"And will this last for ever?—will not the stubborn frame which confines this hell-fire burst? Am I then gifted with life eternal? Shall I never forget?—never lose sight of the wretchedness of existence. Never—never.—When this condemned soul shall pass from its earthly tenement, the soul, immortal in its agonies, will continue to suffer.———Does my body participate?—No. When I have inflicted on it all the torments my strength can administer, a few hours suffice to bring it relief. But when does my mind find respite?—when do I cease to mourn?—when do I forget that it is I—I that have inflicted all the misery I endure; I that destroyed *her* the most precious

of all heaven ever created of purest and of best!——Oh, repose.—Great God! grant but a respite to my agonized soul!'—And the wretched man groaned and wept.

CHAPTER IV.

"En vain de ma douleur affreuse,
Ces murs sont les tristes echos;
En songeant que je fus heureuse,
Je ne fais qu'accroître mes maux.
A travers ces grilles terribles,
Je vois les oiseaux, dans les airs;
Ils chantent leurs amours paisibles,
Et moi je pleure dans les fers."

COMPLAINTE DE MARIE STUART.

How refreshing is it to quit the noise and bustle of Naples, the glaring light of the sea, and the scorching heat, and to wander in the large cool garden and park of Caserta; one of the princely palaces belonging to the kings

of Naples, some distance from the town in a northerly direction. Its large shading trees give freshness to the air, and the silence of the groves disposes to meditation. In the horizon is seen a line of blue mountains; while nearer a magnificent aqueduct forms a beautiful feature in the extensive view.

Howard wandered about for some time before he met with Norris. By degrees, the fever and agitation into which he had been thrown by the sight of Agathine, and his disappointment at losing an opportunity of speaking with her (the only one that had occurred), subsided —the calm around him produced a responsive feeling in him; and when at last he found Norris, plunged in deep thought, reclining in one of the orange-tree groves, he approached him with the most lively interest, for he saw on his friend's countenance perturbation and anxiety.

After a few disjointed phrases, Howard reminded Norris that he was come, according to appointment, to learn from him the cause of his anxiety, adding, "You cannot doubt of the sincerity of my declaration, that if I can in any way relieve your mind from the distress I am confident you are suffering, I shall be too happy to be allowed to do so."

The frankness and warmth of his manner, and countenance, overcame Norris's repugnance to fulfil his promise, and he ended by acknowledging the truth.

"My dear fellow," said Howard, "why did you not address yourself to me sooner; you would have been spared much uneasiness, and I have no doubt money too, for these fellows have increased your difficulties by their exorbitant demands. I will speak to Admiral Harris directly, and concert with him in what manner we may best free you from the harpies.

I would undertake to arrange the business for you without this preliminary measure; but you know he is my guardian, and, until I am put into possession of my fortune, I am obliged to address myself to him when I have any pecuniary affairs to settle."

Norris, although some years the senior of Howard, knew as little of the world in its real colours as the lieutenant; and did not anticipate any obstacles arising to this proposal of Howard's; but thanked him warmly for this proof of friendship, adding, "If once I can get out of the claws of these fellows, I will be too wise to fall into them again."

Shortly after, the two friends set off on their return to Naples. The sun was nearly sunk beneath the horizon, as they quitted Caserta; a grey, uncertain colour succeeded, enveloping every object, and becoming darker and darker, till the fire-flies shot forth their brilliant varie-

gated coloured lights, speckling the air with apparent fire. The fishermen's boats, illuminated with torches, seemed so many fires sailing on the unruffled bosom of the bay; whilst the athletic forms of the fishermen were distinctly drawn upon the dark background, in picturesque groups, as they stooped over their boats, to attract the fish by the light; and others stood erect, their forms dilating in the uncertain light to colossal grandeur, with large spears, to plunge into the fish as they rose to the surface. Boats, already filled, were being dragged up on the shore, near the Santa Lucia, where the tents were already pitched, and the fires prepared by the women; tables laid out, and all ready for the fish-supper.

The smell of the fish frying, the noise and screams of the women, the laughter and jokes of the men, combined with the smoke of the lamps, and little paper lanterns, fixed to the

booths, formed an unpleasant contrast to the pure air the two friends had been breathing at Caserta, and the calm tranquillity they had been enjoying; and they hurried along to reach the Toledo and their homes, for by this time it was midnight.

The sleep of youth, undisturbed by remorse, is sweet and sound, and its rising vigorous and cheerful; and so rose Howard the following morning: but how variously does the night pass with numbers of those, who once slept like Howard in innocence and peace.

The midnight murderer then walks abroad, and shunning the light of day, lives in that portion alone of the twenty-four hours; and conceals himself, and rests—such a rest as conscience and terror will spare him,—while others are fearlessly enjoying the bountiful presence of the sun.

The gamester, in feverish agitation, ventures

his fortune, his honour, his all, at the dead hour of night; and the return of day is the signal of his dishonour or his destruction. The wretched, houseless poor then wander forth to seek that refuse of rejected rags, and stray *no-things*, with which they may yet obtain a mite to carry on existence; that existence, so esteemed, so valued, although so wretched, that it is thought worth while to struggle thus hard to continue it.

It is a problem difficult to solve, that the more materially wretched man is, the more he clings to life; while the rich and splendid, who have every means of enjoying it, so often fling it away without a regret! Not so the man oppressed with grief. The sufferer in heart and mind oftentimes has not the moral courage to endure his trials; but the houseless wretch, deprived of food, of raiment, of fire, diseased, bearing the load of life as a heavy, oppressive

weight, still endeavours to support it, and continue his sufferings. How will the shipwrecked seaman, undergoing privation and misery to the uttermost, supported by the frail tenure of a mast for days together, exposed to the furious element, seeing his companions expiring one by one at his side, still cling to hope, and resort to dreadful means to support nature; in the vague hope of chance deliverance devouring his dead companions, rather than plunge into the watery grave yawning to receive him, and end his sufferings at once!

In the hour of night too, the occupant of the sick bed, more agitated than in the day season, languishes for the return of heavenly light; his fevered blood is more parched, his thoughts more restless; sleep flies from him, and nature is in proportion more active, as she is more likely to put a period to all activity.

See the wretched Antonio extended on his

straw couch! A brother is by his side breathing such words of comfort as his limited knowledge and feeling suggest; but can they reach the soul of his hearer, wrought to so much higher a tone than his? His words drop unperceived on his ear; he heeds him not; but from time to time holds out his fevered hand for the glass of water by his side to wet his parched mouth.

According to the promise Howard had made to Norris, and nothing doubting of success in his negociation with Admiral Harris, he repaired to him the following morning as soon as he thought he would be visible; but to his surprise found Norris with him. The admiral was apparently in a violent passion, for his expressions were hardly intelligible; and he received the lieutenant with a very unpropitious countenance for a request.

The adage says—that the night brings coun-

sel. Norris, after parting with Howard, had reflected on the premature confidence with which he had burthened him; and felt that it was unworthy to shield himself behind his youth and inexperience, rather than encounter his uncle's frowns. He had therefore hastened to him before Howard could arrive, and made a frank avowal of his situation.

We have already seen that Admiral Harris was of an unyielding disposition; and in this instance, which was one that particularly called forth his animadversions, he was more than usually severe. Norris felt relieved by the entrance of Howard, to draw off part of the fire directed at him; but his satisfaction was of short duration.

"And you, sir," said the admiral, addressing Howard, "*you*, who know my sentiments upon the detestable vice of gaming, *you* flatter yourself that your eloquence can persuade me to

connive at encouraging a profligate gamester! that *I*, holding the sacred name of guardian, will consent to my ward's despoiling himself for the sake of one, who has shown so little respect to the memory of his parents; and hazarded all the little patrimony which was his inheritance, on a cast of the die? Rather would I see you, sir," he said, turning to Norris, "confined in a Neapolitan jail, lingering out your youth and health in atonement for your conduct, than relieve you, though in so doing I only employed superfluous wealth."

Norris remarked to him, that by his severe decision he forced him to resort to still more ruinous means for extricating himself from his embarrassments; and Howard pleaded for his friend with courage.

"After all, sir, I only ask of your friendship to oblige *me*. I shall soon be of age to dispose of my fortune as may please me. It is only

forestalling that moment by a few months, when I ask you to grant me your assistance to obtain the money necessary for Norris. I owe him much more gratitude for his kindness to me for years, than I can unfortunately ever repay; and I cannot think you will carry your severity so far, my dear guardian, as to refuse me the first favour I have asked of you."

"You have concerted your measures well, young gentlemen," replied the admiral, "but you shall find me as firm in my duty on shore, as I flatter myself you have ever found me at sea. I have much business on my hands at this moment, and I therefore request of you both to withdraw."

The sternness of the admiral's look and manner forbade any further remonstrance on the part of the young men, and they retired together. As they proceeded along the Toledo, they were silent; but a look and a me-

lancholy smile of Norris to his friend, told how sincerely he estimated his kind exertions, although they had failed. Howard felt, for the first time in his life, angry with his guardian. He thought him unkind and unfeeling, and after a few minutes' reflection he broke out abruptly :—

"Nevertheless, I dare say I shall be able to manage something; so don't be cast down, Norris."

They crossed the Piazzo di Palazzo, and pursued their walk through Santa Lucia, Chiutamone, and the Villa Reale. Had they been less intent on their reflections, and more observant of external objects, they might have perceived that three men, wearing a kind of uniform, were dodging them, and endeavouring to get a view of their faces as they walked. When they entered the gates of the Villa Reale, the men did not enter with them, but con-

tinued on the pavement of the Chiaja on the side of the garden, evidently keeping them in view; and when the two friends sat down on one of the benches in the centre of the walk, at the foot of a group representing Laocoon and his sons, the men halted and waited opposite to them.

"I have a great mind," said Howard, "to go and make an effort with Barbaja myself. Wait for me here; I will return and relate with what success:" and the eager youth set off.

Time seemed heavy until his return, and whether he was longer absent than Norris thought requisite, or that his impatience made him count the minutes double, he could no longer remain stationary; but hurried out of the garden in the direction which would lead him to meet Howard returning. It was then that the three men who had been watching him, advanced and arrested him. They conveyed

him to the Castel del Uovo, the prison where debtors and petty malefactors were confined.

When Howard returned to the Villa Reale about an hour afterwards, he found that his friend was gone, and hardly regretted that he had not waited his return, since he had nothing agreeable to communicate. Barbaja was willing to take his security for the sums due to the gaming-table, provided it was signed by the admiral as well; and told him very plainly, that he was too young to make it safe to enter into any engagement with him alone.

"Well, then," said Howard, "at least advance me the sum I draw quarterly on you through the admiral. Only give me two quarters instead of one: I shall be of age before another becomes due."

This he likewise refused, unless he brought the admiral's signature; and poor Howard quitted the usurer to return to his disconsolate

friend with fresh disappointment. He went to Norris's lodgings in the evening to spend it with him, not feeling disposed to join the admiral; and there found a note which had been sent to him by Norris, acquainting him with the particulars of his arrest. He hastened instantly to the Castel del Uovo to see him; but the drawbridge was already raised, and there was no possibility of making it known to his friend that he had at all events hastened to see him. The hour at which prisoners were locked up for the night was past; and he was obliged to submit to wait till the following morning. His hopes, however, were yet unabated, and he proceeded at once to Admiral Harris.

The admiral was at one of the houses where he was accustomed to while away his evenings with a sober game of whist. Howard repaired thither, determined, if it was possible, to let the

admiral know the consequence of his refusal to assist his nephew. When he approached the table where his guardian was sitting, he perceived they were not playing, but in earnest discourse; and fearing to render him irritable and less disposed to listen to him than in the morning, he retired to a little distance, and waited till the conversation should be at an end.

Here again he was foiled. The admiral and his friend, after a while, rose together, and left the room; and Howard, vexed, and annoyed, was obliged to postpone his communication till the morrow.

As soon as he entered the admiral's room, the following day, he began to prepare him for the communication he had to make, but was confounded by his interrupting him, saying,—

"He is in prison; I know it, and am glad of it. You may tell him from me, that I

might avail myself of his being my captain, and commanding the Thunderer, here in port, to get him released, but I shall do no such thing. Young gentleman, I shall not let you receive such pernicious examples, without your also witnessing their consequences."

Howard was so much shocked by the admiral's severity, that from that hour he never went near him, except when professionally obliged. The admiral regretted the momentary coolness which existed between them; but concluded, that when once the irritation of the moment had passed away, he would render him justice for the motives of his conduct. The ardour of his ward's character, and the danger of such a fatal example as his nephew's, had principally influenced him in the stern course he had pursued. He also hoped to save Norris from future and utter ruin, by his present salutary punishment.

We are all apt to err in judgment; perhaps when it leans to mercy's side, there is less danger of being mistaken than when it is the reverse. In the present case, the severity of the admiral was most unfortunate: to it may be attributed all the sorrows which this history has further to relate.

Howard hastened to his imprisoned friend, but was delayed some time in his way, having encountered the funeral of some great man, which was conducted with all the pomp displayed on such occasions in Naples; and which obliges all who meet it to stop and remain uncovered until the procession passes.

Howard viewed this "traject to the grave" with some degree of curiosity; it so little resembled the decent, silent, sorrowing manner, in which the dead in northern countries are conducted to their last home.

The bearers of the defunct, who were nu-

merous, in order to relieve each other at appointed stations, were all habited in black dominos, with deadly white masks concealing their faces. They bore on their shoulders a species of elevated litter, on which was extended the once great person, habited in a full dress uniform, with all the orders, ribbons and stars, with which he had formerly been decorated. His hair was powdered and curled, and his face fully exposed to the admiring gaze of the populace; some of the women clapping their hands with satisfaction at so beautiful a show.

The procession was led by the priests in rich dresses, walking two by two, and surrounded by innumerable persons, carrying lighted tapers of considerable length. The canopy, under which a priest of higher rank walked, was upheld by means of four golden pillars, inlaid with precious stones; and its covering dis-

played a magnificent tissue of pearls, embroidery, and silver ornaments. After the body, followed all the friends of the deceased; and then all the domestics and dependants, also bearing torches.

At last the procession passed on; and Howard, fearing fresh interruptions, hurried into the prison, and obtained admission to Norris, whom he found in a wretched cell, without air or hardly light, and with a heap of straw in one corner for his bed.

The poor young man was extremely dejected; and Howard could hardly find words to raise his spirits, for he was as much depressed himself. He drew the remaining wooden stool by the side of the one on which Norris sat, and, tapping him on the shoulder, endeavoured to assume a cheerfulness he little felt.

"Come, Norris, this won't do; cheer up,

man; it is better than if you were in the dungeon of an enemy."

"It is little less, I think," said Norris, shaking his head.

"It is very unlucky we are not in England," said the young lieutenant; "this country is warmer in climate than in friendship. To think that we have been here several months, and not to have one friend.——It's true there are little else than monks in this place; and I don't think my experience of them is much in their favour."

"By heaven, Howard," said Norris, starting; "you have opened a new train of thought to me;—there is yet hope;—let me consider how it may be brought about."

Norris was thinking of Marston, or, to speak by his present name, Father Antonio. The execution of his idea presented no slight difficulty. He remembered his oath not to betray

Marston, much less could he put Howard in communication with him. He at last made up his mind to write to him, and to wait the departure of his friend so to do.

"Well," at last said Howard——

"I have not yet matured my thoughts," replied Norris; "I will tell you more to-morrow."

But the morrow did not come for the two friends to meet; since Howard received an order from the admiral to go on board the Thunderer, and remain there during the confinement of the captain. He wrote to his friend his sorrow at this order, but was obliged to submit.

Meanwhile, Norris dispatched a letter to Marston; but its bearer was informed, that the abbot was so seriously ill as to be at times delirious, but that the letter should be delivered to him in one of his lucid moments. So sure is it, that those in trouble have to undergo repeated

disappointments in all the efforts they make to procure relief; and perhaps those aggravations are more painful to bear than the original misfortune.

In the ordinary course of life, one would suppose that the simple fact of requiring an answer to a letter, of communicating with, or of meeting whomever one wishes to see, were circumstances perfectly easy to accomplish. But no; as if taunting spirits waylaid the new formed wish, or thought, innumerable obstacles arise to impede our progress in whatever we undertake. Still no situation is so utterly miserable as not to have its counterbalance of good.

Confined in the same ward with Norris was a young artist, whose conversation formed a glad relief to the dull monotony of imprisoned life. According to his own account, it was not extravagance, but misfortune, which had con-

signed him to a jail; and this, spoken in the spirit of truth, was the fact, although but in part. He was sincere in believing himself the child of adversity, and had certainly but few follies to reproach himself with; yet the real cause of his want of success, unsuspected by himself, and known only by those who knew him best, was indecision. His unfriends, to use a pithy Scotch term, named it idleness; and the remark to a superficial observer might have appeared justified. He would talk of his art with enthusiasm, and occasionally devote whole days to his easel; but when the picture, growing rapidly under his hands, wanted the finishing touches alone, it would either be thrown aside incomplete, or, in a fit of desperation, rubbed out. The excuse to himself, was disgust at his inability, and despair of reaching perfection. His detractors would attribute this ever-promising, and never-

performing, conduct to a rooted disinclination to labour. They would point to the most eminent in his profession, and ask whether sudden fits of toil, alternated with weeks and months of vague and unsatisfactory dreaming, or the unremitted vigils of years, had endowed them with the elaborate finish, or the imaginative designs of the consummate artist. The word dreaming was not without its sting. He was a dreamer, but not in the spirit of a Salvator or a Claude ; his dreams were never embodied. He would lounge for hours, basking in the sun, amid groups of lazzaroni, enjoying the wild poetry of their character; and would dilate to others, in glowing terms, on their picturesque forms, and the unstudied graces of their attitudes. Ask him for a view of the treasures he had thus gleaned for his portfolio, and the cloud came over his brow. His mind was full, but his hand had been idle—

sketch was there none to show. The few pictures he had ever completed evinced his powers, and proved the rank he might attain by continuous exertion. Having effected thus much, he seemed content to have it said of him that he could arrive at eminence if he would. With this negative fame he lived on from year to year, talking well and eloquently, planning largely, effecting nothing. Even the stimulus of "elegant desires,"—the curse of the whining Jaffier—for with such he was unhappily organised—had no power to influence him to act. The end of this modesty, waywardness, or irresolution, was the natural term of such spirits—the four walls of a prison. However, he could discourse and dream here as well as elsewhere; he never thought of blaming himself, it was his ill fate; and to Norris, at such a period, and in such society, his conversation was a blessing. One evening, he was induced

to speak of himself, and of his natal country, France. "My childhood," he said, "was fed with the romantic traditions of a once-persecuted remnant; and among them is a tale on which I have a melancholy pleasure in dwelling, and the chief scenes in which I hope some day to embody on the canvas. If you deem it worth while to listen this gloomy evening to what you will, I suppose, fancy an idle romance, I will tell you an "ow'r true tale." Norris signified his assent, and the artist thus proceeded :—

THE ARTIST'S TALE.

"Mas-d'Azil, a beautiful country-town, in the province of Foix, is situated in a narrow valley, which is so begirt by eminences on every side, that the river Rise, on which the town is built, actually forces a passage through one of the hills before it seaches this recluded

spot. The magnificent gallery, thus formed by the hand of nature, is known over the neighbouring country by the name of the Cavern of Mas. It is nearly a mile in length; and its height and width are of gigantic dimensions. Of its two outlets, that opposite the town above-mentioned presents a less imposing appearance, though it is by no means deficient in sublimity. The frowning rocks, which here overhang the dark and rapid torrent, never fail to impress the visiter with awe and wonder. On entering the cavern, in this direction, a sombre darkness is found to prevail within a short distance from the outlet; and it increases in obscurity for more than a third of its length. The Rise flows on one side of the gallery; and thus the greater part of the soil is dry, for the waters constantly incline towards the rock, and gradually desert their ancient channel. A stupendous natural

pillar supports the vault, whose measureless span appears continually increasing. At length, the cavern makes a sudden bend to the right; and the other outlet is close at hand. From this spot, the view of the cavern is sublime. On the one side, a magnificent opening presents itself to the dazzled eyes of the spectator, while the beams of the sun play brightly on the rapid river; on the other, a long and gloomy gallery, through the obscurity of which a faint glimmering of light from the opposite extremity is barely discernible. The stranger distinctly perceives the Rise as it approaches him, boiling and foaming along from rock to rock; but, on looking behind, he must imagine it, for he cannot discern it, bounding forwards to regain the light of day. Lateral galleries diverge, at various distances, from the main passage; but an impenetrable gloom conceals their extent. There is a cavity even

in the vault itself, extending far beneath the level of the principal passage; and every recess resounds with the hollow murmuring of the river.

"This cavern, however, has other claims to the notice of the stranger besides those furnished by the hand of nature. Every freeman should be proud of crossing its threshold. In the course of the sanguinary religious warfare which marked the commencement of the reign of Louis XIII., Marshal de Thémines was instructed by Richelieu to subdue the Protestants of the province of Foix. The Catholic chieftain overran the country, burning the towns, levelling the castles to the ground, and putting the inhabitants to the sword. The occupants of the adjacent vallies, flying from every side before the fury of their destroyers, to the number of three thousand persons of every age and sex, took refuge in the cavern of Mas

d'Azil, and there sustained a siege from the marshal. The approaches to this stronghold had been fortified in a former reign; and the walls, which had been raised before the two outlets, considerably augmented the natural obscurity of this retreat. But in that struggle against oppression, any place of refuge was deemed a paradise, provided that it was secure,—and it was not the first time that a weaker party had found protection in a similar asylum.

"The 12th of September, 1625, was an anxious day to the besieged. They had learned by their scouts that the marshal was making preparations for an assault; and at an early hour the frowning crags, which commanded the approaches to the cavern, were covered with armed men. Resolute warriors were stationed behind every projection of the rock, and a communication was established between

all these outposts and the main body of the besieged. The cave itself was a scene of constant confusion and disorder. Old men were praying aloud; spirit-stirring preachers harangued the crowd; children were polishing rusty halberds; weeping females were preparing a frugal meal to sustain their husbands in the hour of battle. The young men were making every preparation for the conflict; some were busy barricading the various avenues with large masses of rock; others were casting bullets, or sharpening knives, axes, and reaping-hooks. Numerous torches blazed in all directions throughout the cavern, and threw a fitful glare upon the agitated multitude; while the bats, startled by this intrusion upon their secluded domain, continually hovered over the persecuted Protestants.

"Every thing was now ready, when the words, "The chief, the chief!" echoed through

the cavern. The chief indeed approached. He was apparently forty years of age; his coarse and even repulsive features indicated a strong but little elevated mind; he was evidently a man subject to the wildest impulses of passion. The fixed frown on his brow betrayed the recurrence of some fearful recollection to his mind; a slight expression of remorse might perhaps have been traced, or at least a settled determination of revenge for some fearful injury. His unmoved countenance, however, betrayed none of the workings of his mind. He resembled a man, arrested by the hand of death, when on the point of making some desperate effort. His eye was dull; his lips compressed and livid; his brow knotted; and his bodily make gigantic and muscular. His name was Andrew, the Parricide; and his history was as fearful as his name.

"The castle of Bonnac, near Pamiers, which had been garrisoned by the Protestants, was besieged and taken by the Marshal de Thémines immediately on his arrival in the province of Foix. Every individual found with arms in his hands was put to the sword; the remainder were condemned to be hung. By a refinement in cruelty, characteristic of this sanguinary epoch, the marshal offered a full pardon to any one of the male survivors who would consent to hang his remaining companions; and, strange to say, the barbarous proposal was embraced. A man presented himself to fulfil the conditions, on which alone his life would be spared. The prisoners were brought to him successively, and he executed them all without apparent emotion. At length, at the approach of an old man, whose venerable locks descended over his shoulders, the cord fell from the hands of the executioner. 'My

son,' said the old man, 'complete your task; and let me bless you before I die.' The hapless man knelt down; and received in silence the benedictions of the condemned: and rising, with convulsive energy he accomplished the fearful tragedy. Then only did a thrilling shriek burst from his lips, and betray the writhings of his soul. He had hung his father! *(o.)*

"Andrew was this executioner. He was dismissed from the castle by the Catholics. On finding himself at liberty, he walked night and day with inconceivable rapidity; and in twenty-four hours he was thirty leagues from Bonnac, in the mountain of Rouergue, whither the Duc de Rohan, a leader of the Protestants, had conducted his army. Breathless with his supernatural exertions, he suddenly entered the tent of the duke; and detailing his appalling story to him, demanded to be entrusted

with a command. Rohan knew mankind, and instantly granted his request. Already was the countenance of the parricide stamped with that fearful expression which never afterwards quitted it. As soon as he procured a document, signed by the duke, containing directions to St. Blancard, who commanded the insurgents in the province of Foix, he departed with the same celerity, without pausing for refreshment or repose; and, three days after the capture of Bonnac, he was the leader of a powerful body of men who occupied the fastnesses of the Pyrenees.

"From this period, the parricide was the most implacable enemy to the Catholic party. His name was pronounced with fear even by the boldest of his enemies. The Protestants themselves regarded him with a kind of veneration, mingled with abhorrence. The meanest soldier under him would have considered

himself defiled by mere contact with his garments; yet all, from the highest to the lowest, obeyed his mandates with implicit confidence. Since his appointment to the command, no one ever remembered to have heard him speak; and this protracted silence increased the impression he had made upon the imagination of his followers. He usually occupied a small apartment, formed at the extremity of the second cavern, which extends below the principal gallery; and his retreat was almost incapable of access. The remains of the walls still exist; but the darkness of the cave is so profound, and the path so rugged and difficult to be distinguished, that the feeble glare of a torch seems rather to magnify than to smooth the asperities of the way. In this place of concealment were deposited all the warlike stores of the Protestants; and their dreaded chieftain watched amidst them in the gloom,

like the dragon of fable, guarding treasures deposited in frightful caverns.

"The instant the parricide appeared in the principal cavern, the whole multitude was hushed into silence. A minister of the Gospel attended his steps, holding an open bible in his hand.

"The parricide and the priest slowly advanced to the centre of the crowd. All bowed their heads as they passed. Andrew said not a word, but he made a sign: the torches were immediately extinguished, and the gleaming arms of the Protestants were shrouded by the gloom of night. Men, women, and children, all bowed their faces to the earth, not excepting the chief; and the minister pronounced the following harangue in impressive tones, which was only interrupted by the rushing of the stream.

"'Children of Israel, gird your loins with

the sword, and let the impure Amalekite fall before your might.' Then suddenly abandoning these scriptural expressions, he continued: 'We have heard that their cuirasses sparkle in the sun, that their horses prance proudly over the plain, that their heavy artillery shakes the soil on which they tread, that their generals have proved their skill in a hundred victories. Here, we boast no cuirasses, save the breasts of our warriors; no cannon, but bullets, and steady hands to direct them against the enemy; no sun, but night, dreary and eternal night; no illustrious chieftains, but the omniscient care of the Almighty! Come on,' he continued, 'come on, my gallant gentlemen! The mountain wolf awaits your approach in his dark retreat: he has talons wherewith to tear you when living; he has fangs wherewith to mangle you when dead.'

"He ceased; and a cannon-shot from with-

out replied like a thunder-clap to the fanatical harangue of the preacher. The bullet passed over the rampart, and striking the top of the cavern, fell without committing injury into the Rise.

"'My children, arise!' exclaimed the minister; 'and the God of battles be your protector!'

"The huguenots rose in silence. There was for a moment a slight clank of arms; but each having occupied the station previously assigned to him, all was hushed.

"The artillery continued to roar. A large portion of the wall was beaten down, and the fragments scattered around. The breach was enlarged in a short space of time, and the approach to the cavern greatly facilitated.

"Cornusson, who had waited for this moment, ordered his regiment to descend the hill. Merville spurred his horse into the Rise, and

sword in hand, led on the Catholic battalions to the assault. During all these evolutions, not a sound escaped from the cavern. The Protestants appeared plunged in an unaccountable apathy. But at the instant that the leading files of the Catholic army advanced to the front of the breach, a solemn chorus, chanted by three thousand tongues, burst forth from the inmost recesses of this mountain stronghold. It was one of the simple hymns of Marot; and the time and place endowed it with uncommon sublimity. The number of voices, all blending together in religious harmony, gave the melody almost an unearthly expression; and the effect was heightened by the rushing of the river, and the subdued echoes of the mountain. The assailants paused at this unexpected reception; even the impetuous Merville for a moment checked his eager war-horse. Not a living soul could be discerned in the recess of the

mountain; in place of the tumult of battle, nothing was heard for a brief space but the impressive chorus of the Protestants.

"The moment of hesitation was short. The regiment of Ventadour rushed forward towards the cavern at the order of its leader. The bright flashes of innumerable muskets now streamed forth from the very bowels of the mountain; and a shower of bullets stretched many of the assailants on the ground, and threw the remainder into disorder. Thrice did the Catholics return to the charge; and thrice were they repulsed by their invisible foes. The chorus still continued: the voices only ceased for a moment while the musketry roared, and again resumed the hymn with redoubled energy.

"The Protestants had a great advantage over their enemies in their position. Moreover, all their arms were of good quality, and each wielded those to which he was most accus-

tomed. Sturdy peasants, resting their backs against the rock, made fearful havoc with their scythes and reaping-hooks: the woodsmen from the neighbouring country, with their axes in their hands, hewed down the Catholic soldiers like the trees of the forest: while the herdsmen, with sharp pikes, bore down all opposition. Others, better armed, maintained the conflict with the battle-axe or the musket; and the young hunters, hardened by contests with the bears of the Pyrenees, closed upon their assailants, and plunged their gleaming hunting-knives in their breasts.

"The royal troops maintained the combat with the animosity which characterises civil and religious warfare. Mortal wounds were given and received in silence. The blood collected in large pools upon the rugged soil; and the dying were without pity trampled under foot, or thrown into the Rise. The bright and

sudden flash of a pistol occasionally glared over various parts of this scene of murder; but fire-arms were for the most part useless, since the struggle was now hand to hand. Every rock was a fortress to be carried by assault; those who defended it only resigning their trust with their lives. To increase the horror, the sky, covered with dense clouds, shed but a feeble and obscure light around; and the entrance of the cavern was already involved in the shades of darkness. The Greeks would have said, in their poetic language, that the sun had recoiled in terror from the scene of slaughter. A violent tempest soon after arose: a furious wind moaned through the cavities of the mountain; the rain fell in torrents; and the gloom of the cavern still continued to deepen, yet the animosity of the combatants abated not.

"During the conflict, the Rise, swollen by the sudden rush of rain, began to overflow its

banks. Torrents of water poured into the cave; and the roar of the river was plainly distinguished above the tumult of the battle. Streams, the birth of an hour, were formed in the mountain, and flowed from all parts towards the theatre of the contest. In a short time, the inundation became appalling. The rain increased in violence; and the distant caverns of the Pyrenees echoed with the fury of the tempest. The Catholic soldiers observed with terror that their retreat was cut off by the waves, which had accumulated like mountains in their rear; and the torrents of the hill-side were continually adding to this enormous mass of water.

"This fearful interposition of nature completely checked the ardour of the assailants. Of the two entrances to this subterraneous retreat, that towards Mas presented fewer obstacles to escape. The royal soldiers threw down

their arms and fled; some attempted to rejoin the main body by swimming; others bounded from rock to rock; while such of the Protestants as pursued them slaughtered them without resistance.

"The ruins of the Catholic army rallied under the protection of the division of M. de Carmaing. The fugitives were without arms, banners, or leaders. D'Hauterive, severely wounded, was supported by his soldiers; D'Honous was slain; the marshal himself had lost his sword in crossing the river. One incident alone tended to relieve the general consternation. A small detachment of soldiers was observed conducting a prisoner securely pinioned. A shout of triumph arose, when the army recognised Andrew, the Parricide. Notwithstanding a wound which he had received, and impelled by his inveterate hatred to the Catholics, he ventured too far in pursuit of the fugi-

tives. The water had already reached as high as his waist, yet he still continued to deal devastation around him. He at length stumbled over a stone, and ere he could recover his footing, thirty of his opponents threw themselves on him, and secured him in spite of all his efforts. From that moment his countenance resumed its wonted rigidity.

"'A halter for the parricide!' said the marshal, contemptuously.

"The stern partisan answered not a word. The soldiers slowly prepared to fulfil the sentence. He heeded them not. A rope was suspended from the branch of a fir-tree which grew on a precipice, and the chief of the huguenots was at length no more.

"In a short time the royal army commenced its retreat. The artillery led the van, and the cavalry protected the rear; and both these departments of the service were in good order,

but the infantry was completely disorganised. All retired in silence: and nothing was heard before the entrance to the cavern, save the droppings of the rain, the foaming of the agitated Rise, the distant murmur of the pious chorus of the Protestants, and the dull sound of the parricide's corse as it quivered in the gale."

Three weeks had thus passed, when one evening, a monk entered the prisoner's cell, and delivered to him a packet and a letter. It was from Marston, written with a trembling and weak hand.

"I am obliged to you for this proof of confidence which you have given me. Do not seek to thank me, but ascertain the well-being of one who interests me. I confide the address to your honour and secrecy. I trust in the same honour, not to return a second time, or

seek any opportunity direct or indirect to have any further communication with that person. Your silence will be proof to me that all is well. Do not communicate that I have been, and am, very ill.

"In case of my death I shall solicit your guardianship of one who knows no parent; and when that happens, you shall be informed.

"*Let no one know I have assisted you.* Farewell."

The sum enclosed by Marston was much more than sufficient for the payment of Norris's debts, and his first care was to make his unfortunate companion in captivity the sharer of his good fortune. As a stimulus to future exertion, he gave him a commission to execute a series of drawings, illustrative of the persecutions of the Huguenots; and, having first seen him released, "a gladsome man," from the gloomy precincts of the Castel del Uovo,

he proceeded to take the necessary steps for his own deliverance.

Beautiful is the glorious light of day to all; but what must it be to the eye of the captive relieved from his gloomy dungeon. We often learn by privations the value of blessings we enjoyed, without the consciousness of their worth.

Norris, as he quitted the prison-gate, and hastily crossing the drawbridge, which was lowered to let him pass, leapt upon the strand, felt the happiest person upon the earth. All his senses were in a state of ecstacy; and, as he breathed the pure air wafted from the bay, he seemed to inhale a new existence. The odours of the flowers on the shore greeted him with unusual fragrance. The brilliancy of all the objects on which his eye fell, gilt with the rays of the bright sun, dazzled him. The very sounds which reached his ear were musical

and animating. He felt so light, and joyous, that "he seemed a dauncing as he walked."

He turned his steps in the direction of the Mole, to go on board the Thunderer, and acquaint Howard with his deliverance, an event which he knew would fill his warm heart with joy; and then intended proceeding to execute Marston's request.

The first of his projects was, however, impossible at the moment, since the admiral had that morning gone on board, with some of his friends, to make a short excursion in the bay. Norris concluded that they would probably return before sun-set, and proceeded on his embassy. He easily discovered Agathine's dwelling from the description given him by Marston, and approached the little cottage.

An old woman, Marguerita, was standing at the door, with her distaff in her hand, spinning with great rapidity. Her appearance, although

aged, was picturesque. She had on the same sort of party-coloured striped petticoat worn by the young women, plaited full and short; a red brown bodice, made tight to the shape; white loose sleeves, falling to her wrists; and on her head a kind of white veil, fastened to a square flat pasteboard, covered with white muslin, which was placed rather forward upon her forehead, and consequently was raised towards the back of the head, whence fell the veil; and, completing her dress, a large gold cross was suspended to a black ribbon upon her breast. Within the inner room, was the pretty Agathine, playing on the guitar.

Marguerita, when she saw Norris approach the door, looked alarmed, and cast a rapid glance into the room to see if Agathine had observed him; but she was sitting, with her eyes turned to the lattice, at the other end of the room. She then turned on Norris a very

scrutinizing look, while she gave a sharp twitch to her spindle, and threaded out a long line of flax, with a nimbleness that a younger and less-experienced spinner would have in vain imitated. The attitude of the old woman did not announce an intention of leaving the passage free to Norris; and he was obliged to acquaint her that he came by order of the Padre Antonio.

Marguerita's orders had been so strict from the padre, not to let any officer approach Agathine, that she did not believe him; and his errand might have proved in vain, had not Agathine heard the discussion, and advanced to the door. Her young heart throbbed at the sight of the English uniform. She hoped it was Enrico; although the padre had threatened to confine her in a convent, and compel her to take the veil, if she held communication with him more. The clear blue eyes of the young

girl, the rosy hue of her complexion, the placidity of her countenance, all told that health and peace waited on innocence.

"What shall I say to the padre, bella signorina?" said Norris, looking over Marguerita's head; acknowledging to himself, at the same time, that Howard had very good taste. He might perhaps have been tempted to prove that he also had some right to such commendation, but for the knowledge he had of all the facts connected with the fair girl's history.

"Tell him," said Agathine, with a sweetly-modulated voice, and showing a row of pearly teeth as she smiled in speaking; "tell him that I have no sins to confess, although he has been a long while without coming to enquire." Then her smile suddenly faded away, and she looked earnestly in Norris's face, as she blushingly and falteringly pronounced the name of Enrico, in a questioning tone. Norris was

sadly perplexed, between duty and inclination, in the answer he made her; but duty prevailed, as he replied,—

"He is gone, fair maiden."

Agathine dropped her guitar on the floor, and covered her face with her two little hands; and Marguerita, with a more menacing twirl of her spindle than the first, shook her head at Norris, and told him *andare via;* and then, entering the cottage, closed the door.

Norris returned slowly to the Mole. His eyes sought the Thunderer, but his thoughts lingered with Agathine. After a short time, however, he gave a sort of shrug of his shoulders,—as much as to say "Nonsense,"—and then set earnestly about examining the bay for his vessel.

She had meanwhile entered the port; and as, with his hand raised over his eyes, to screen them from the glaring light of the sun, he was

looking in the direction of Castelamare, the admiral and his party landed on the pier; and the former, to his great surprise, perceived his nephew standing quietly among the idlers on the shore, while he thought him safely lodged in the Castel del Uovo. Norris turned unconsciously in the direction of the admiral, and the blood flew to his face on perceiving him.

Howard had remained on board; so that there was no one to break the awkwardness of the rencontre. Norris, however, approached the admiral, who, recovering from his astonishment, said,—

"Since you are a free man, sir, you will be pleased to relieve Mr. Howard in his duty on board, and consider the Thunderer as your home until we leave Naples. I forbid your coming on shore;"—and he moved on with his friends.

Norris was just then what the French call "dans ses petits souliers;" so he submissively entered the barge which had brought the admiral on shore, and was soon on deck. Howard's joy at seeing him may be imagined. Norris told him that he had been assisted by a friend, who had made him promise secrecy, and Howard enquired no more; that his companion was liberated was sufficient for him. He determined on remaining on board with him to share his second captivity, for so it might be termed, except when obliged to go on shore and attend the admiral.

CHAPTER V.

"Oh! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower,
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light,
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

"The cloud pass'd soon,
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven shines again with her vestal flame;
But none shall see the day,
When the cloud shall pass away
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame."

MOORE'S MELODIES.

It was a beautiful day, towards the close of March, when a fête took place, which, it had

been announced for some time, would be given by the king to all the inhabitants of Naples, at Carditella, one of the royal residences; calculated, by its vicinity to the town, and beautiful grounds, to give additional zest to the fête, by attracting all the peasantry of the numberless villages around; since the inhabitants of each village present something characteristic in their costume and manners.

On this happy day, the sun shone on thousands of these villagers, attired in their smartest and most costly holiday dresses. The women, with their hair plaited and powdered, turned up and fixed by means of numerous long bodkins, ornamented with stones or gold; their large, loose, white sleeves drawn up, and fastened at the shoulders, with long streaming ribbons of various colours; bodices of velvet, mostly green, made tight to the shape; full-coloured striped petticoats, and aprons of a va-

riety of designs and colours; long ear-rings, hanging down to their necks, and chains of gold or silver round their throats; the matrons with veils and head-dresses resembling those of Marguerita, already described; and thus gaily attired, they moved on in groups to reach Carditella, some on foot, some in carts, some in sediolis, and all intent upon pleasure.

The king and the royal family mingled condescendingly with these light-hearted people; and the nobility were also invited, as well as those strangers who happened to be at Naples.

Admiral Harris summoned Howard to attend him, who did not regret this opportunity of varying a little the monotony of his present existence, although he was obliged to embrace it in the society of his severe guardian. The admiral rather encouraged, without seeming so to do, Howard's remaining on board, since he felt anxious to secure him out of harm's way

till he should be relieved of the responsibility of his guardianship, which began to weigh heavily upon him. Upon this occasion, however, he drew him from his seclusion, the officers of the Thunderer having been invited; and not having any precise quarrel with Howard, he did not choose to pass him by, and allow the junior officers to attend the fête without him.

As they entered the grounds, the people were all rushing to take their places, and witness the horse-races, which were to form the commencement of the fête. A large tract of ground had been selected for this purpose, unencumbered by trees, and enclosed. Booths and tents were placed around the enclosure to guard the spectators from the sun, with the royal tent pitched a little apart. Soon all the tents were filled by crowds, looking with eager countenances towards the entrance of the bar-

riers, where a number of wild horses from the Calabrian mountains were brought in, saddled and bridled, with spurs fastened to the stirrups, but no riders on them. At the other end of the enclosure was a raised platform, on which stood the umpires and judges.

When all was prepared, the men who had led in their horses (not without some trouble, for they were unbroken, and of an ungovernable spirit, the Calabrian horses hardly ever being brought to submit to man as their master), only giving them a sharp lash with their whips, and letting go their bridles, abandoned them to their fate. Away rushed the horses at their full speed, instinctively vyeing with each other to be the foremost in the race; the stirrups to which the spurs were fastened swinging by their sides, and goading them unmercifully on, till they were almost in a state of madness. Some flinging themselves down,

and rolling over on their backs, to endeavour to deliver themselves from the torment; others rearing and plunging, their mouths foaming with rage, and the blood starting out through heat; and the rest continuing headlong in their course, till the elevated barrier at the end forced them to stop. Meanwhile, the spectators urged them on, with deafening acclamations. The owners of the winners in the race then advanced, and received from the umpires the prizes adjudged to them.

Bands of music were stationed in various parts of the grounds for the dancers, who formed themselves in groups of twelve to dance the tarantella; snapping their fingers, and extending a pocket-handkerchief, twisted into a rope, opposite their partners, who held the same species of barrier in their hands, while their bodies waved gracefully, following the motion of their arms, and the feet executed

numbers of steps, less remarkable for their agility than elevation; the tamburine *obligée* guiding the measure, its monotonous sound animating the dancers even more than the guitar or any other music.

From the grounds, which, with the palace of Carditella, were situated half way up one of that chain of blue mountains forming the boundary of the horizon, when viewed from Naples, and considerably elevated above the surface of the sea, could be seen all the surrounding country for many miles; and an object, of no small curiosity and interest, attracted the eyes of the admiral, and his companion, as they strolled about amongst the groups of dancers.

Vesuvius was vomiting forth immense stones from the mouth of the crater, accompanied by flames of fire, rising erect in the air; lava, flowing in burning liquid fire, and descending,

at a slow and measured pace, formed the appearance of a broad river of flame descending majestically to the sea. The remainder of the vast surface of that large mountain was perfectly white; a fall of snow having taken place in the night, which remained undissolved, notwithstanding the large fissures which crossed it in every direction, through which flames can always be perceived, by those ascending the mountain, to rise nearly to the surface. Many of the Neapolitans were examining the same phenomenon, and conversing on it.

"I remember," said a very old man to the admiral, "when the last great eruption took place, in the year 1737, similar appearances were remarked. The season of the year was the same, and so, if I recollect right, was the very day of the year: although I am now old, and the event happened when I was quite a boy, it made such an impression on me, that

all the circumstances connected with it are as fresh in my memory as if they had occurred but yesterday. Heaven grant that we may not witness scenes like those which then took place. Many thousands lost their lives!"

"True," said another, "but it might well then be expected; it was the day succeeding the fête of St. Jean; and you may remember, Andrea, that no disgrazia had taken place to prevent such a catastrophe." *(p.)*

"How so, my friend," said Admiral Harris; "how should a misfortune have prevented the one which your friend has been just recounting."

"Signor, it is, alas! a certainty," replied the old man, "which time immemorial has proved to us; that if some one does not perish by accident, and unexpectedly, on the fête of St. Jean, great calamities menace the town *(q)*. Three days have now elapsed since the fête,

and non è ancora arrivato neciuno guajo! *(r.)* It is the same with St. Januarius; our safety and welfare depend on the blood of that saint, which is preserved in a phial, flowing on his fête day: it has been known on some occasions to remain perfectly inactive, notwithstanding the supplications of the faithful, and his wrath has never failed to be felt soon after."

"Then, friend," said Howard, "you are quite safe for the present, for his blood was not idle a few weeks ago."

"We have no right to count on his protection, nevertheless," replied the old man, "if the inhabitants of Torro del Greco should omit to plant crosses and images of the Virgin before the lava, as it descends from the crater, to stop its progress; for il Vesuvio is under her special patronage."

The fête continued gay and animated till

sun-set. Groups assembled on the grass to partake of the refreshments distributed among them. Song and mirth presided at these circles; and it was late ere the last stragglers quitted the grounds.

Admiral Harris and Howard reached Naples about midnight: it was too late to think of returning to the Thunderer, and Howard remained on shore.

The air was perfectly calm and still; not a leaf stirred on the trees; the heavens were spangled with innumerable, bright, shining stars. The moon was in her last quarter, and had not yet risen. There was a stillness in the air which was oppressive to the sense. Howard, instead of retiring to rest, threw open the window of his room, and from the balcony contemplated that same Vesuvius, which had already attracted so much of his attention in the morning.

The line of fire descending the mountain was large and of a crimson colour; and stones and flames were projected into the air in quick succession, whilst loud reports in the bowels of the mountain, resembling discharges of artillery, preceded each shower of stones. The mountain laboured in its efforts, and vomited forth huge fragments of rock *(s)*. Through the stillness that prevailed between each fitful struggle of the mountain, arose at times the screaming of birds, alarmed, and hurrying from their retreats. Their shrieks had something unusual and portentous; and with these was combined the moaning of the cattle and horses scattered in different parts of the town. The last, especially, burst from their stables, foaming and kicking with terror, and were heard bounding along in different directions. The dogs howled fearfully and loudly; so that these various

noises in different parts of the town added horror to the awful scene.

Howard thought of that beautiful ode of Dr. Drake's, "The Storm," which he had often read and admired, from its true description of the infuriated elements, such as he had already often seen them(*t*).

The sea now began to feel the throes with which the mighty mountain was convulsed; the waves were dashed violently against the shore. The silence which had reigned at the beginning of the night had gradually given place to a clamour, which augmented in force till every sense was confounded. The roaring noise of the flames issuing from the mountain could be distinctly heard. The boiling lava bubbled as it rushed out of the crater, and descended like a broad river at the rate of a foot in three minutes. At the same moment,

Howard felt as though he had been swung by some invisible force from one side of the balcony to the other. He staggered, astonished, but ere he could recover his equilibrium, a second shock threw him down. The ceiling and plaster of the room began falling about him, and he rushed to the door of his apartment and reached the stairs, which he found already filled with the inhabitants of the house, covered with the first things they could put their hands upon, having risen from their beds in terror at feeling the shock of the earthquake, and descending with as much rapidity as their alarm enabled them to do. In a few minutes, the whole population of Naples was in the streets, flying in every direction. The confusion was beyond all description, and no class of persons was exempt from their share in the terror of the moment. Mothers were seen carrying their children in their arms, them-

selves and their burden ungarmented, covered with the blanket torn from the bed in haste; and the shrieks of the terrified, the calls of the parents after their offspring, the prayers loudly ejaculated by the pious, and the groans and screams of the feeble, who, unable to fly, and struck by the falling stones and rubbish, dropped down helplessly in the streets, contributed to form a scene of unmitigated horror. They fled, without reflecting whither; although every where the danger was equally appalling.

Howard moved on with the crowd, resembling, at that dark hour of night, by their movement and dark masses, the sea so near them; except that the movement of the latter was more violent, more overwhelming, more stunning. To force a passage through the compact mass which surrounded him was impossible, and he was born along beyond the

gates of the town in the direction of Portici. By degrees, the numbers became less, the noise gradually diminished, and he was enabled to collect his thoughts, and ascertain where he was. Vesuvius was right before him, vomiting flames and lava, and the spectacle was awful and imposing in the extreme. The mountain seemed to have gained the mastery over the impediments which had presented themselves to disgorging the fiery matter within. Its contents now flowed silently, majestically, and in enormous quantities. The nearer Howard approached, the more magnificent was its appearance. He had passed Portici, and could now witness the awful scene of destruction, almost as illimitable in extent, as in grandeur. At the same time, the wailing sounds of fear and agony from the poor victims of this dreadful explosion of nature reached his ear, growing stronger and stronger; whilst min-

gling with them he could distinguish the chant of the priests, who were going in procession to beseech the interference of the various saints.

All the inhabitants of Portici and Torre del Greco were on the shore; some kneeling, and supplicating the divine mercy; others loading in haste the carts and mules, which they could assemble in the hurry, to carry away their humble property. The more devout and zealous, with images of the Virgin fastened on sticks, were ascending towards the advancing lava; planting their images before it, to arrest its progress, and save their vines. And when the burning flames arrived majestically, and the vines hissed and crackled, the growth of years consuming in an instant, they descended a few feet, and again attempted the same means of arresting its progress. It came, sweeping everything before it, a river of liquid fire, a quarter of a mile wide; crimson, as it boiled

out of the crater, becoming purple as it extended itself, black, farther on, and in those places in which a slight portion of it was stayed, it settled by degrees into a grey, solid matter. The heat preceded it in its course, parching and preparing all it approached for instant destruction. It had extended within a quarter of a mile of Torre del Greco, and the houses on the outskirts of the town were beginning to fall before it. The aged and infirm, unable to follow the flying multitude, perished as the destructive element advanced.

Howard's mind was struck with horror at a scene so unusually terrific; and he rushed forward to assist the unhappy inhabitants in saving their property, and placing the women and children in the carts. While thus employed, a piercing cry of distress was uttered from one of the little cottages, so fraught with anguish, so appalling, that he quitted the cart in which

he was assisting to place a whole family, and with the activity of a sailor climbed up to a window where a young female was standing, imploring assistance to extricate her from the cottage, which had already caught fire. The entrance was on the opposite side of the house. The door was no longer passable; and there were no other means of rescue than by getting her out of the window. Howard rushed into the room with the rapidity of lightning, tore down the moschitto curtains of gauze suspended over a bed, fastened them to the window-bar at one end, and passing the other round the waist of the youthful being, lifted her out of the window, and let her gently down on the ground. He looked rapidly round the room, to see if there were other persons to save. A woman was lying motionless on the floor. He spoke to her; she did not answer. He attempted to move her in vain. Terror had outstripped the

hand of time; she was dead. He leaped out of the window, helping himself by the suspended curtain, and jumping upon the ground, raised the fainting form of her he had saved.

No time was to be lost, for the flames were advancing rapidly. He carried her as fast as her inanimate weight would allow, nor halted, till he felt a diminution of the scorching heat; then laying her gently down, he threw himself by her side, panting and breathless, at the foot of a wide-spreading olive-tree.

A faint dawn of light was spreading itself over the horizon; by degrees, it acquired sufficient power to render all objects perceptible, and Howard, turning towards his companion, gazed with joy and wonder on the beautiful features of Agathine, which were now recovering their colour and animation!

But where was Marston on this eventful night? When the shock of the earthquake took

place, the Thunderer had been violently forced from her moorings, and Captain Norris was obliged to ride out the gale in the bay, Thence, the view of Torre del Greco and the eruption, was magnificent and terrible in the highest degree. Suddenly, the recollection of Agathine, who resided there, came over him, and with it the anxiety which Marston must experience on her account; and notwithstanding the strict orders of Admiral Harris, he got into a boat, and rowed as near as he could to the town, without endangering the boat from the lava, which had by this time reached the sea.

He landed, and endeavoured to find his way to the spot where the cottage stood; but amid the burning remains of Torre del Greco, nothing was discernible, except ruins and desolation. No vestige of a house remained; all was one mass of fire. The poor, forlorn inhabitants were crowded on the beach, at a little

distance, viewing in despair and stupor, the destruction of all their worldly possessions.

Norris advanced towards this unhappy crowd, in the hopes of discovering those he was seeking. The orange light of the flames rendered this examination possible; but the countenances he viewed were distraught with horror and grief; and no where could he discover the fair, calm, youthful countenance which he had so much admired a short time ago; and he felt the painful conviction that she had perished in the flames. He addressed several of the poor sufferers to obtain information, but they stared at him, and made no reply: at last, an old man, who had seated himself on a fragment of rock, and appeared more indifferent than the rest, either because he had lost nothing, or that age had rendered him callous to calamity by constant trial and suffering, answered him with the same want of feeling

with which he might have announced the death of a sparrow,—that Marguerita was dead!

"But the young girl who was with her?"—

"Probably dead too, since the cottage was burned!"

Norris, shocked and grieved as much for Marston as for his fair daughter, regained his boat and his ship with an aching heart. He wrote to Marston the details of that terrible night, with his fruitless researches; and sent a sailor on shore to carry it to the Camaldoli. The man could not speak Italian, and, when he returned, told Norris that the monks had refused by signs for some time to let him see the abbot; but finding that he would not deliver to them the letter or withdraw, but stood with a dogged and determined countenance within the gates, they at last, shrugging their shoulders, conducted him to the abbot's cell. There he understood the objections of

the monks. The Padre Antonio was to all appearance dying: pale, wan, emaciated, he hardly raised his eyes to the monk who entered his cell; but when he had communicated something to him in a low voice, he languidly raised his hand towards the sailor, and received the letter, but laid it down without reading it; and, motioning faintly with his hand to the messenger, the monk made him a sign to retire. He waited, however, for some time outside the gates, to which they had instantly conducted him, to ascertain whether they would recall him, or give him any letter in return; and finding that they took no further notice of him, he of course returned.

CHAPTER VI.

"Oh! tell me not of comfort, I
Am broken-hearted, and would die;
No hope is mine remaining, save
Death and the stillness of the grave:
Earth holds no joy in store for me;
Like blasted flower, or leafless tree,
Soul-struck, and desolate, I roam,
Not finding rest, yet shunning home."

"I will arise, and will go to my father, and will say unto him, Father! I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son!"

The long-expected Sunderland at length arrived; her cannon roaring over the bay roused Howard from his siesta, as he lay in the cool

orange groves, near Portici, which surrounded the pretty villa he had inhabited for the last two months.

"There she is indeed! The admiral's calculations have been correct. Don't be so cast down, Agathine; depend upon it, I shall be away but a few weeks; the moment our ship is paid off, I shall ask for leave, and return again." And he meant what he said; but how many things we mean when said, which are never carried beyond the saying.

Dr. Johnson, in his caustic, energetic style, said that "Hell was paved with good intentions."

"Come, cheer up, sweet Agathine; we will find some good kind soul, like your lamented Marguerita, and you shall stay with her till my return."

"Alas!" he replied, as she urged her prayer of going with him, "you little know how im-

possible it is for a lieutenant of a man-of-war to take any body with him : there are rules to which we are all obliged to submit ; and, were it otherwise, you forget that we have never dared own to Father Antonio that we have met ; how is it likely then that he would consent to your departure with me ? I have likewise not been as candid as I ought to have been with my admiral ; you entreated me so earnestly to conceal you from him, and every one! How could I abruptly reveal the truth, and ask him to give you a passage with me? Take courage, my little Agathine ; a month is soon passed, and I will then return and fetch you."

The poor child would not be comforted ; a secret warning seemed to foretell that she should never see him more ! * *

Be merciful in your judgments on Howard, ye virtuous, ye unimpassioned, ye who have

passed the youthful age at which he was, when he acted so as to merit your censure. He is not presented to you as perfect. He is frail, as human nature has made us all. He is young; ——he loved; and chance, tempting, trying, cruel chance must be accused more than he. His fault was unpremeditated; his intentions for the future pure: have mercy! * *

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It was three months since Marston had relieved Norris from prison; a long, consuming fever had nearly brought him to the close of his earthly trials and woes. The letter which he had received from Norris, with the fatal account of the eruption and supposed death of Agathine, had produced mental alienation, to which he had occasionally been subject from the period of the commencement of his troubles.

When that dreadful accident occurred which

had deprived Mrs. Howard of her life, in her endeavour to preserve his, he had fallen senseless by her side. His old servant, Joseph, who usually followed him in his rambles, but whose age prevented his walking with the same rapidity as his master, came up to the stone-pit on the moor, already described, not many minutes after the fatal accident had taken place, and there the dreadful spectacle met his eyes. At first he thought that it was Marston who had destroyed himself by the pistol, whose explosion he had heard; but when he raised him, and perceived that he was covered with blood, and that it was his victim's blood, not his own, he naturally conjectured that Marston, in a moment of phrenzy, had murdered her; and his horror knew no bounds.

Suddenly, Marston recovered from the swoon into which he had fallen; and springing up, while his eyes rolled, and his terrific counte-

nance told that the mind was no longer sane, he darted forward across the moor, and ran with such rapidity that he was soon out of sight of the old man, who continued however pursuing him, in the direction which he had seen him take.

The wretched maniac continued his course, till impeded in his progress by the river, a branch of which ran through the park of Netherwood. He rushed into it, and sank. A barge was proceeding slowly along the river at that very crisis; and the bargeman saw the unhappy Marston fall headlong into the river. He instantly plunged in after him, and with some trouble brought him on shore, before animation was totally suspended.

By this time Joseph had arrived at the same spot, and he found his wretched master in the hands of the bargeman. The faithful servant

implored the latter not to abandon him, stating that his master was insane, and that he was perplexed how, or where, to conduct him.

"I will take him in my barge, if you like," said the good-natured bargeman; "I am going on to Liverpool; and, provided he does no mischief, perhaps a little time spent on the water may be of service to him."

Joseph, for want of better means, willingly accepted this proposal, calculating that he should thus at least keep him out of the hands of justice, and save him from the dreadful punishment which, he was convinced, he had entailed upon himself. He helped the bargeman to get him on board. Marston was in a state bordering on insensibility, and made no resistance; and the faithful Joseph, leaving him in the charge of the boatman, and promising to return within two

hours, hurried back to Marston Abbey to fetch Eleanor, and bring away whatever valuables he could in so short a time collect.

As he was about to close the last door of the abbey, and quit it never to return, the old man's strength and courage almost forsook him; the thickly thronging recollections of the past, together with the events of the day, were too much for his aged frame; but little Eleanor cried, as she asked him where was her nurse; why she had been left entirely alone, and without food all day; and Joseph, summoning all his fortitude to his aid, returned to add refreshments to the things he had collected, and placing them, and little Eleanor along with them, in one of the carts employed by the labourers on the grounds, proceeded to the spot where he had left the barge. He found the man had been true to his word: he

received the poor little wanderer and her protector on board, and proceeded on his course.

During the time spent in the barge, Joseph learnt that it was charged with merchandize, which was to be conveyed by canal to Liverpool, to be there consigned to a Neapolitan trader; and he resolved to endeavour to get Marston and his daughter received as passengers, and to take his chance wherever they might go. His efforts were successful; and in a few days the vessel was under weigh, bound for Naples.

The owner of the Bella Marguerita was a good sort of man; he was in the habit of trading twice a year with England, and had acquired a tolerable notion of the English language. Joseph was, therefore, able to communicate with him; and, in the course of the voyage, a degree of intimacy and confidence was established between them.

He consulted the trader what he should do with his master, whose mind he stated to be deranged in consequence of misfortunes; and what would be the most advisable plan to pursue with his helpless little girl. The former suggested placing them both with his wife Marguerita, who lived not far from Puzzoli, who would be a tender mother to Eleanor, and would watch over Marston. The plan pleased Joseph, and a bargain was made; the faithful servant having secured the means of satisfying every pecuniary demand.

As they entered the bay of Naples, he began to breathe more freely; and he felt that he had at least secured a home free from danger.

Marguerita was the same with whom we have been acquainted. She was an active and intelligent woman, and readily consented to the arrangement which her husband had made.

Three years Marston remained in his state

of mental derangement. The abbot of the Camaldoli,—the only one of the community allowed to speak, for they were of the order of La Trappe,—visited him constantly, at the request of Marguerita, and by degrees lucid intervals returned to the poor sufferer; these intervals became more frequent, and at last he seemed to have regained his intellects.

The abbot became the confidant of his history: his conversation, language, and education were superior to those of the monks who had been admitted to the monastery, and whose histories and characters had been studied by him, previously to receiving them into the fraternity; and by degrees the abbot attached himself much to him.

But a short time elapsed before he was received as a brother. In order to become so, he was obliged to renounce his only remaining worldly tie—his daughter: the statutes of

the order of La Trappe requiring a total renunciation of all relations, even of one's offspring. To maintain any communication with the world when once become a Trappist, is an unpardonable offence, for which the transgressor is expelled the community, and rejected by the church with ignominy.

Previously to entering the Camaldoli, Marston made arrangements for Eleanor's remaining with Marguerita and her husband, under the special protection of the faithful Joseph: and three years then passed without his seeing, or even enquiring about, his child, whom he had thus abandoned.

In that space of time both the trader and Joseph died; and shortly after the abbot also paid the debt of nature. When dying, he recommended Marston (who had assumed the name of Antonio) as his successor. His recommendation was attended to, and the Padre Antonio

became abbot of the Camaldoli. He had then the power of leaving the convent when he chose; and he would go of an evening, and pass and repass the cottage where Marguerita lived, only to get a sight of Eleanor.

Soon after his promotion, Marguerita's son fell ill, and the abbot attending him, saw his daughter constantly. He was true to his engagement not to claim her as his daughter; but he constituted himself her confessor, and thus watched over her.

The three years which had passed without her seeing her father, at the tender age at which she was, and more than this, the change which mental suffering had wrought in him, prevented all recognition on her part. During that time also, never hearing anything but Italian spoken, she had forgotten her native language, a circumstance which he did not regret. The name Marguerita had given

her was become habitual to her, and she believed herself to be Agathine, a Neapolitan. Marguerita told her that her parents were dead, and her enquiries about her infantile recollections having been uniformly checked, the past was to her as a dream.

It was from a severe attack of mental derangement, produced by the supposed death of Agathine, that Marston arose after three months of unconscious suffering. Slowly his reason returned, and with it the remembrance of his miseries. He felt an earnest desire to visit the spot where once his daughter had existed, to trace something of her, if it were only her tomb, and to weep over it.

Slowly he descended the Camaldoli mountain, and entering one of the sediolis, desired to be conducted to Torre del Greco.

Three months had passed since its destruction. This was time sufficient to obliterate the

event from the memory of the indifferent, at least, to render it in their minds familiar as an oft-told tale; so that the conductor of the sedioli made no remark on the order which he received, but simply touched his little pony with his long whip, and drove off at a round trot. As he approached the terrible scene of destruction, Marston cast an eager look on all the peasants he met; but none bore the semblance of Agathine. Still he sought her.

There are moments, when, although we have acquired the certainty of the death of a beloved one, we still "hope against hope," and feel as if they were yet of this world; as if it were impossible that they could be separated from us for ever. The nearer Marston came to the scene of havoc, the less he felt that it was possible his child had escaped from it; and he quitted the sedioli, desiring the conductor to wait for him, and feeble as he was, attempted to clamber

over the heaps of cold, grey lava, which was lying in large, misshapen masses. No trace of a habitation could be discovered; Torre del Greco was a confused extent of ruins. In vain did he attempt to climb over them; the task was beyond his power. As the masses of stone from the walls of the ruined houses had slightly impeded the progress of the boiling lava, it had risen above these obstructions, and slowly congealed upon them, so that sometimes the hard lava thus formed was elevated to a great height; in other places, where it had flowed on soft ground, it had sunk with it, forming pits; and thus to pass over the spot on which the town once stood was impossible. Proof, however, there was, sadly sufficient, convincing proof, that no dwelling had escaped the conflagration. He paused in silent grief and horror, on one of these mounds of lava, to which he had succeeded in climbing; and

as his eyes wandered over the desolate scene, he resembled a statue placed there to commemorate the sorrows of those afflicted by this visitation of the destroying angel. His grey dress was in harmony with the colour of the stone on which he stood; his coat was thrown back, his head bending towards the ruin he contemplated, his hands half raised, as though the feeling rather than the thought was, that prayer and supplication were too late; the awful fiat had gone forth!

He descended from the rock, and casting a hopeless look around him, slowly and languidly reached the sedioli, and drove towards Portici; but the agony of feeling which he experienced at witnessing the dreadful devastation, which had swept over such an extensive surface as was visible, changed to one of quite another nature, as he pursued his road to Portici, and passed Pompeii, that still town, once

so populous, so flourishing, so civilized, become at an earlier period, in as few seconds as Torre del Greco, a monument of destruction. His thoughts turned from his own grief, which habitually seemed to him overwhelmning; and he shrank to nothingness in his imagination. He suddenly appeared to himself as if he were a cypher in the great scale of the creation, and his feelings, his griefs, his affections, his sufferings, were lost in recollections of the mighty past. Then again, as he passed out of sight of these terrible proofs of the power of the Omnipotent, his former sensations by degrees returned, by degrees man resumed his individuality.

The road from Pompeii to Portici is of easy descent; and is cut between two rocks, which in proportion as the traveller advances, rise higher above the road. The gate of the entrance to Portici by the road of the tombs is of

very ancient construction; and it is supposed to be the same which existed at the time of the destruction of Herculaneum. The square parapet which crowned the archway has mouldered away with time; but the circle is perfect, and of great height; still it is below the rocks on either side of the road. As Marston entered this gate, he unconsciously raised his eyes to the rock on the left of the gate; and then it was that he experienced a sensation of such exquisite joy, that, short as it was in duration, compensated for all the months of sorrow, which he had latterly endured. He hastily quitted the sedioli, flinging a piece of money to the conductor, and telling him that he needed him no more; and ascended by steps cut in the rock to the spot where was seated his lost Agathine—his child—gazing earnestly towards the sea. A parent alone can judge of the ecstacy of that moment; a parent alone

can tell what the feelings were which he experienced—they are indescribable!

He paused a few moments ere he approached her, to calm his agitation, to assume an air of indifference. But though he looked around him to divert by outward objects the intensity of his emotions, he saw nothing but her, his Agathine; he saw not his conductor, who, with curious, inquisitive look, had remained motionless in the place where he had left him, watching him and his interview with her.

At last Marston conquered his emotion; and drawing gently near the fair girl, seated himself on the rock beside her, and addressed her. She started at the sound of his voice, and turned towards him a flushed and startled countenance, on which the trace of tears was visible.

"Wherefore this tear in thine eye, my daughter? Wherefore this sunken cheek and

downcast look? Is it regret at again seeing thy spiritual confessor, who has been withheld from thee so long by sickness, long, lingering sickness, which nearly brought him to that tomb, after which he sighs so ardently?"

Agathine dared not raise her eyes to the monk. She felt as if one glance from him would penetrate into her whole secret; she dared not throw herself at his feet, as she had been accustomed to do, and ask his blessing. She feared that the alteration in her shape would reveal to her confessor, that she was no longer the innocent, spotless child of his protection. Grief for the absence of him she ardently loved, who had been to her the whole world since she had known him, who had twice saved her from imminent peril, had indeed faded the roses on her fair cheeks. The clear, blue eye was no longer beaming with health and joy; a pale, melancholy expression had

replaced the once happy, contented, frank one ; and as the monk examined her, he marked the changes that had taken place in her, while harrowing fear and grief assailed him.

" Agathine, unhappy child, has the world's scathing touch lighted on thy innocent head ? Has sickness destroyed so fair a flower ? Is it the dreadful destruction of Torre del Greco, which has produced so fatal an effect in thee ? Speak to thy father ; speak, my child, open thy heart to thy best friend."

The poor child had for some weeks borne her sorrows silently. The woman, under whose protection Howard had placed her, was a good creature, but incapable of feeling or understanding Agathine's sentiments ; and her daily occupation had been to wander down to the sea-coast ; and there, fixing her eyes on the point of the bay, where she had seen the ship pass which bore away her soul's idol, she

would remain for hours, straining her eyes, till she fancied she saw something white in the horizon. Sometimes the illusion became even stronger; it *was* something; yes, indeed, it was; it advanced—oh, it must be a ship—it was her Enrico returning; and she would clasp her hands in eagerness, and raise herself on her feet, to see better and further; and to a certain point, the advancing object continued gaining size—it was evidently a ship! Then, that ship seemed to grow smaller and smaller as it approached; and soon, sad reality would prove it to be a felucca, and the disappointed Agathine would return to her cottage and her tears.

"With what a leaden and retarding weight,
Does expectation load the wing of time!
Suspense! thou frozen guest, begone!
The wretch, whose bed is made on thorns,
More softly rests his head, than he
Who sinks amidst the cygnet's down,
If thou, tormenting fiend, be nigh,
To prompt his ardent wish, his fruitless sigh,
His hope, his prayer, for lingering certainty."

The padre's appeal was so kind, it seemed to open a harbour wherein she could anchor her sad thoughts, and receive consolation; and she rose suddenly from the rock, and flinging herself on her knees before the monk, seized his hands, and placed them on her head; while her fair hair fell in disorder over her neck.

"Cover my head, father, whilst I confess myself; I dare not look at you.——Have pity on me."——And in a tremulous voice she told all her love,—her weakness,—his departure. * * "But he has left me a pledge, father; a pledge which he did not know of when we parted, and that is comfort to me. He will return, he has promised me; and then he shall know that I bear in my bosom his dear image. He will be with me; he will give me courage to bear the throes that I shall endure for his sake. With joy he will receive

into his arms the innocent being, who will bind and knit our loves and lives together."

The fair girl's face was crimsoned as she spoke; but when she had ended the monk replied not. She remained at his feet, her head bowed down; but he did not attempt to raise her, only she felt his hands suddenly withdrawn from her head. At length, looking up, she perceived that his countenance was buried in his hands, and his whole frame shaking convulsively. The spasm was long; the knife had entered to his heart's core.

"It is just," at length he groaned; "it is just; and by *that* hand!"

Agathine was terrified; she looked at him, but could not comprehend him. After some time, he motioned her to rise and sit down, and said,—

"I will not reproach you, wretched girl; I

will order no penance, no mortification; but I will tell you who *you* are, who *I* am; and, in so doing, I shall inflict severer punishment on you than any I could have devised. It is just you should now bear the load of your *own* fault, and along with it the burthen entailed on you."

Marston then related his sad history. He did not look at his daughter the while; he dared not, he could not; with averted eyes he recounted all his misery. Agathine sobbed, as she listened to her father's terrible narration; once or twice she would have interrupted him, but he imposed silence on her.

"Thus thou hast yielded to shame with the son of her murdered by thy father! He has revenged his parent's death, by thy dishonour and mine; and thou must hide thy face for ever from the sight of the innocent."

The wretched Agathine threw herself upon his bosom, and exclaimed,—

"Oh! father, do not again abandon your wretched child. Yes, I have brought shame and disgrace upon you, upon myself; but, oh! I have found a parent. Father, father, be the world to me. I am so lonely since the death of my poor Marguerita; since the departure of——of——my destroyer, I have been so lone, so wretched. Father, take me to your bosom; let us mourn together."

Marston wept, as he folded his daughter in his arms.

"Poor child! I am condemned to penance and prayer for the remainder of my wretched life; but I will not forsake you,—I will watch over you."

And the unhappy father and child rose, and returned to the cottage where the latter dwelt,

to consult for the future. It was decided that she should quit Portici; and as the poor woman with whom she lived was willing to remove also, that they should fix their habitation upon the Camaldoli, as near to the monastery as any cottage could be found, so that he might have a constant opportunity of seeing her.

CHAPTER VII.

"Up, up, unhappy! haste, arise!
My adjuration fear!
I charge thee not to stop my voice,
Nor longer tarry here!
Amid them all a pilgrim kneel'd,
In gown of sackcloth grey;
Far journeying from his native field,
He first saw Rome that day.
For forty days and nights so drear,
I ween he had not spoke;
And, save with bread and water clear,
His fast he had not broke.
Amid the penitential flock,
Seemed none more bent to pray;
But when the holy father spoke,
He rose, and went his way."

THE GREY BROTHERS.

In the Archbishop of Naples' metropolitan palace, a peasant is introduced. He

walks, with awe and trembling fear, across the numerous apartments which intervene, ere he can reach the archbishop's cabinet. His eye wanders in every direction, and is unsettled and haggard in its expression.

The train of liveried servants who fill the apartments inspire him with terror; his knees shake under him; and when he reaches the awful chamber, nothing but the fear of again meeting all those men prevents him from rushing headlong out of the palace. In the cabinet, richly decorated with paintings by the first masters, enshrined in costly frames, and glittering with splendid furniture, at a large table, covered with papers, some filed, some scattered confusedly, as being the last perused, sits the archbishop. He holds a large paper in his hand, which he is intently reading; a few paces behind him stand, in submissive reverence, two ecclesiastics, and at the

foot of the table sits his secretary, with a portfolio of papers, ready to be presented to him when the last shall have been perused. The peasant stands near the door, gazing stupidly at the dignitary of the church; his mouth open, his eyes staring, but turning, from time to time, a suspicious look towards the secretary.

The archbishop closed the paper, and scrutinizing the countenance of the peasant, ordered his secretary to note the answers he should make to the questions he was about to put to him.

"Your excellence will remember," said the fellow, "that it is on condition of free pardon I reveal the fact."

"It is," replied his examiner; "thy pardon is granted thee; it is signed; now speak."

The peasant remained long in the cabinet; when he withdrew, he no longer feared to encounter the eyes of the menials who crowded the anti-chambers; a leer of exultation had

replaced the cringing fear with which he had previously passed them. Shortly after, messengers were dispatched, in different directions, in and round Naples.

Marston had regained his monastery, and was withdrawing to his cell, after one of his daily visits to his unhappy daughter, some weeks subsequently to his interview with her at Portici, when a monk delivered him an order from the Archbishop of Naples, to repair to the Episcopal Palace, attended by all his brotherhood, the following morning.

The summons was unusual; there was no solemn fête to be held that day, nor any apparent reason for such a convocation. The brothers made various conjectures as to what could be the possible cause of this order: Marston was too occupied by his sorrows to give it much attention or thought.

On the following day, in various quarters of

the town, might be seen numerous processions directing their course towards the Episcopal Palace. Naples and its vicinity abound in convents of different orders—Chartreux, Dominicans, Capuchins, and Franciscans. The convents of San Joseph, of San Martin, of San Januario, of San Fernando, and many others, poured forth their crowds; and hundreds were thus assembled in the great marble hall of the Episcopal Palace at the hour of noon. This hall was of immense size and beautiful proportion, and was styled the Judgment Hall. Here all subjects of debate, concerning the laws and regulations of the church, were discussed. Between columns, curiously carved and gilt, at regular distances around the walls, were statues, in marble, of the apostles and martyred saints. The dome was also richly decorated, in the intervals of the large paintings which adorned it, and which repre-

sented subjects from holy writ. At the further end of the hall was a semi-circular chapel, elevated above the rest of the hall by a large flight of steps. A magnificent altar filled the platform of this chapel, inlaid with precious stones; and the high candlesticks of massive gold, which stood in triple rows on the table of the altar, were also profusely studded with the richest gems. The ornaments on the table were of the most costly nature. In the centre, behind the table, was a large crucifix, with the image of our Saviour, of almost colossal size. On either side of the walls were paintings from the first masters, representing the various scenes of our Saviour's life; and in front of the chapel, on either side, were columns of black marble, rising from the foot of the steps which ascended to the altar.

The different brotherhoods, convoked at the same hour, formed a numerous assemblage

before the palace, which was some time in ascending the flight of steps that fronted the grand entrance. Each passed in, according to their order of precedence, until it became the turn of the last fraternity, the San Josephs, of the Camaldoli. As they mounted the steps, a noise like the clanking of chains was heard; and the monks, turning round, saw the galley-slaves of St. Elmo descending, two by two, chained hand and foot, attended by numerous soldiers, proceeding to their daily hard labour at the rocks. Marston shuddered, as the recollection of the banditti in the Castel del Uovo passed across his mind.

The hall was filled. The venerable archbishop, attired in magnificent robes, was seated in an elevated chair of state at the end of the hall opposite to the chapel: below him, several steps, on either side, sat the bishops, also gorgeously attired; and beyond them other

dignitaries of the church. All round the hall, on benches, rising gradually, in rows one above another, for the different brotherhoods of the different monasteries, sat the various orders of monks; some in grey habiliments, some in brown; others in white, with red crosses on their breasts; others in black, and others again in purple; each fraternity forming solid masses of each colour.

All the high estates of the church were assembled, to sit as judges on one accused of having sinned against holy mother church. The assemblage of so many grave elderly men was solemn; and silence was in the hall, while deep attention was lent to the discourse of the archbishop.

He stated, that a letter he had received the day previous to this on which they met, informed him, that the superior of one of the

convents of the Camaldoli had sinned grievously against the church, by disregarding one of her severest statutes. That if such an example were suffered to remain unnoticed, scandal would soon gain admittance where nought but holiness should be observed. That the information he had received, it was true, was given by an informer worthy of little credit, being a ruffian escaped from prison, who had formerly been a bandit, on whose head a price had been put, and who had purchased his pardon and freedom by his revelations. That he, therefore, trusted to the wisdom and prudence of his brothers to ascertain with justice, combined with mercy, how far the accusation was founded; and to act according to the laws established, should the informer have spoken truth. He added, that he had assembled all the brothers of the different convents, as by so

doing it would be impossible, the investigation once ended, that suspicion should attach silently to any community absent.

He then read the deposition. The substance was, that the father of the community of Camaldoli of the order of San Joseph, named Antonio, residing near the Lago d'Aniano, had dwelt at that convent thirteen years; that his saint-like appearance had gained his admission to the benefits of the order, without any previous investigation as to his former habits or place of residence. That, on the death of the abbot, he had been chosen superior of the monastery. That he had, during this period, led a life of scandalous debauchery; and was the parent of a female child, whom he had caused to be brought up at a cottage situated near the convent. That the mother of the child was dead. That the person making

this accusation could prove what he asserted, as it was his own mother who was the parent of the child.

Here the archbishop again called the attention of his brothers to the little credit which ought to be attached to the testimony of a wretch, who did not scruple, however true it might be, to accuse his own mother, in order to further his own purposes.

A long silence followed the reading of this accusation; after which the bishops consulted in an under-tone of voice, and one of them, in the name of the rest, required that the accuser should be brought into the hall, and confronted with the accused.

Augustin was therefore introduced. The wretch cringed low, as he passed the threshold of the door, and cast a timid glance on the crowds sitting round in silence; but when his

eye rested upon Marston, he seemed to acquire confidence, and looked boldly and exultingly at him.

Marston was then addressed by the same bishop who had already spoken, and asked if he knew the witness. He looked slightly at him, and then bowed an affirmative.

The archbishop then addressed Marston by the name of Father Antonio; and desired him to declare, if the accusation made by the witness was false, and if so to justify himself by proof. He also required of him to declare in what convent he had resided before joining the Camaldoli; when he had been received a brother, for the first time; where he was born, and in what seminary he had taken his first vows.

The accusation was so sudden, so unexpected, that Marston was thunderstruck; the possibility of any investigation taking place as to

former years, had never once occurred to him; and though wearied of existence, and panting for the term of life, still when the moment arrived to reveal the secret under whose intolerable weight he had long groaned, and declare himself a man of blood, a feeling of pride and shame was called forth, which had lain dormant and unknown in the inmost recesses of his heart, and which forbade his answering.

It was not a cowardly desire to preserve life; no—could any honourable cause have summoned him to die, willingly and cheerfully would he have grasped at it. But, in the presence of hundreds of men,—in the presence of his own community, who revered and respected him,—to confess himself the most abject of sinners, his soul recoiled from the humiliation!

The measure of his cup was full to over-

flowing. The honour of his child had been tainted, in addition to all his former griefs; and now he was accused of being dishonoured in her birth; of bearing about a reputation of sanctity, whilst leading a life of debauchery. Still he could not, to avoid such an accusation, declare himself an assassin, or relate the circumstances which had brought about that fatal event; in so doing, indeed, he would have doubly accused, whilst defending, himself. A hectic flush suffused his cheeks, as he bowed his head and remained silent. To have answered the questions the archbishop had put to him, would have ended in producing that declaration which he could not bring himself to make; and Marston could not stoop to utter a falsehood.

"The accusation is then true?" said the archbishop; "Padre Antonio, you have a

daughter. Is it thus I am to construe your silence?"

The eyes of the many hundreds present were directed towards him. Wretched Marston! in that one moment was undergone by thee an eternity of punishment. He bowed his head.

"Where is that daughter?"

Marston was silent. The bishop turned to Augustin to know where she could be found, and the villain answered with alacrity that he would show her residence. Her presence was deemed essential, and orders were instantly given that she should be sent for. Two hours were required to produce her in court; and during that time, the judges conferred as to the sentence to be pronounced, and the manner of its execution.

The poor victim remained immovable; his suffering paralized all feeling, and produced a

momentary apathy. From this he was roused by the reflection, that his poor child would be dragged in infamy before him, and the recollection of her present state flashing on his mind, he clasped his arms on his bosom, and clutched his breast in agony till the blood followed.

The twohours were passed : the folding-doors of the hall were thrown open, and the frightened girl was conducted into the center between soldiers. The presence of hundreds of monks, with their grey beards and dresses, bewildered her; she looked, till fear palsied her sight, and when the archbishop asked her solemnly, but gently, to declare her name, she could not answer. He repeated his question, and some of the attendants approached her, pressing her to answer. Marston could bear no more; he exclaimed in a tremulous voice,

"My child, acknowledge your father!"

She turned her head in the direction of the

voice, and gazing wildly over the masses of persons ranged in rows, and looking from the similarity of their dresses almost the same, at last perceived him; and screaming "mio padre!" rushed to him, and fell senseless at his feet.

The wretched father leant over, extending his arms to raise her; and burning drops fell from his eyes on her fair forehead. But little sympathy was excited in the breasts of those who witnessed their mutual distress. Most persons devoted to a monastic life, begin their seclusion from the world, its vanities, its follies, and its passions, at an early period of their lives, ere their feelings are developed; and they sink into a state of indifference, and a monotony of thoughts and habits, which render them incapable of receiving strong impressions, or even conceiving them in others. A few are driven, as Marston was, by great cala-

mities, to embrace this calm existence, as a haven wherein they may repose, after the buffeting of the storm of their lives; but these have gone through too many trials of their own to feel for others. Their faculty both of feeling, and of sorrowing, has been strained to the utmost; and the misfortunes of others appear trivial in comparison with their own. It was, therefore, with cold indifference, that the numerous devout men assembled, regarded Marston and his prostrate daughter. Their apathy had, however, one advantage; it enabled him to devote himself to his child, to raise her up, and rest her head upon his breast, till consciousness returned.

The archbishop, having conferred with the judges, spoke:—

"My brethren, the orders of our supreme master are, to act according to the rules prescribed in the event (most uncommon, blessed

be the saints,) of the delinquency of a superior of a holy community. The present case is one of a very aggravated nature, and therefore requires to be treated with more than usual severity. Look at the child of his infamy! The shame ends not with her birth!

"He is indeed a most abandoned man! Abandoned he is of God, abandoned must he be of men. My brethren, despoil him of the holy garb he has profaned; let it not remain a relic of the sinner; let it be torn in pieces, and destroyed by the flames. Let the hands of those who shall have executed this order, be purified from the contamination of his touch. Let the sinner be expelled with ignominy from the presence of his brethren; let him and the child of sin be conducted in shame to the sea-coast, and there embarked; lest his presence in the land may taint the air.

"Go, sinful man! go, and seek in another

clime a shelter, under which to hide thy face from the sight of the godly.

"Let the service of the dead be performed over him ere he depart; he is dead to us; let us endeavour to propitiate his God, that he may not be condemned hereafter."

The monks rose, and in solemn chants performed the service of the dead; while some approached Marston and his daughter. They took his cowl from his head, and disrobed him, leaving him merely his under-garment of hair-cloth. They placed his habit on one of the pillars at the foot of the altar, and set fire to it; and then flung themselves on their knees before the archbishop, who gave them absolution.

The brothers of San Joseph then advanced in a mass, and with outspread hands, motioned Marston to quit the hall. He took his daughter by the hand, and both retired, humbled

and oppressed. His tonsured head, on which a circle of grey hairs marked where once dark curls grew in profusion, fell on his chest. A red spot on either cheek showed the agitation of his soul; and he moved forward slowly, his strength failing him at every step; the monks urging them on with expressive gestures.

Once out of the palace, the sounds of the chant, which still continued, died away, and were replaced by the shouts, and groans, and exclamations of the multitude, rapidly assembled before the palace: who, without any distinct knowledge of his imputed crime saw in a man who had been condemned, and expelled with shame from the judgment-hall, a fit subject for their maledictions, which they imprecated on him, and the young girl accompanying him, rushing after them with vulgar stare and exultation; and with indecent eagerness, almost impeding their progress.

Marston raised not his head until he reached the sea-shore; then he looked up to heaven, a tear trembled in his eye, and the expression of the look he cast, seemed to say—have I not expiated my crime?

He entered a felucca moored to the shore, carrying, rather than supporting, his daughter; and when, after repeated questions from the sailors, he could collect his thoughts sufficiently to make an answer, told them to set sail for Trieste.

CHAPTER VIII.

"To live unpitied and forgot,
My life a blank, my name a blot,
Was all I asked of heaven.
Despair had stilled my stormy breast,
A dreary frost had chained to rest,
The waves by passion driven." WALLACE.

THE winds were unfavourable; and the broken-hearted father and daughter were a fortnight on board the felucca, ere they reached the port to which they were bound.

Agathine, whose delicate frame was not calculated to endure such trials as she had undergone, sank beneath their weight. She lay as

a thing without life, pale, and listless, on the deck of the felucca, while tears rolled in silence down her fair cheeks. Marston watched with a parent's anxiety her sinking health; and strove with abortive efforts to dispel the melancholy, which had taken possession of her mind. Alas!

"——— Thoughts of gloom
Shadowed the portals of the tomb."

The captain of the felucca, through the delicate tact of an honest nature, left them tranquilly to each other, without noticing, or seeming to notice their sufferings. After two days thus spent, Marston felt the strong necessity of exerting himself for his daughter's sake, and endeavoured to attract her attention, by recounting the legends connected with the romantic coast along which they were sailing. He found the kind-hearted sailor an able assistant in this traditionary lore; and the lat-

ter finding it well received, would at times diverge into the recollections of his own life, and give them a tale of the sea. One of these, in particular, from the air of sincerity with which he narrated it, and the superstitious awe which affected even his voice, attracted the attention of Agathine. The outline was as follows:—

THE FATAL CAP.

"It was, I think, in the year * *, that I had procured my complement of hands with the exception of one man; and at that time sailors were rarely to be met with at Brest, for there was a great demand for men in the royal navy. A friend of mine, a captain of a merchantman, directed me to an inn kept by one Jean Gaspard; assuring me, that this man was the most likely person to afford me efficient assistance. In truth, individuals of his description

are a useful class. They collect around them mariners out of employ, board and lodge them, and when a captain is in want of hands, he waits on an innkeeper of this sort, chooses his men, and pays the debts which they have incurred; and the sum thus advanced is deducted from their pay. It is in some degree a trade in white men.

"Well, I set out to find Jean Gaspard, who lived in the Rue Royale, at the sign of The Anchor. The Rue Royale, despite its name, is narrow and filthy. A flight of eight or ten steps, descending from the street, conducts the visiter to the entrance of the inn; and this under-ground haunt is so obscure, that were it not for the glimmer of a few lamps, the place would be in darkness even at noon day. At the foot of the steps, a little, squat, ruddy-faced personage came limping up to me, and civilly enquired my business. On receiving

my reply, he took me by the hand, and motioning to me to preserve silence, led me through a passage as dark as pitch; and in a few minutes I found myself in a small apartment. Gaspard then addressed me in a low tone of voice.

"'You have merely to make your observations through the crevice, which you may perceive in that partition. I have only five fine fellows out of employ; you may see them there, making themselves merry. They are all as drunk as fiddlers; and you know, sir, that when a man is the worse for liquor, you can judge of his experience as a sailor. You will make your selection, and then we will complete the bargain.'

"Jean retired. I applied my eye to the crevice, and perceived five sailors seated round a dingy and greasy table. Two women, with sparkling eyes, dishevelled hair, and wrangling

tongues, were frequently taking large draughts of intoxicating liquor; they were mad, or nearly so. In about five minutes two of the sailors fell under the table. Three remained: a youth, apparently twenty years of age; the second was of a swarthy complexion, and uncommonly muscular, and might have been about forty; as to the third, I could not discern his figure, for his face was buried in his hands.

" ' For old seasoned hulks, they carry d—d little canvass,' said the youth, carelessly kicking the sailors who had fallen under the table ' I say, you,—you, with the wooden leg, pour out—pour quickly, my throat's dry.'

" He spoke to one of the females, who, in truth, had a wooden leg. He quaffed the liquor with avidity, and then turned towards his swarthy companion.

" ' Why, messmate, do you hang back?'

"'No,' said the other, kissing the coarse cheeks of the female next him; 'but I'm thinking that we are veering our cables in a queer way; and when we do get a-board, there won't remain as much of our advance-money as would make a porpoise blink.'

"'Bah! We will sail from here, and at the first strange port get leave to go ashore—enter another ship, and play the same pranks we did at St. Thomas, eh, messmate!'

"'Oh, aye, I remember; and the captain was obliged to get two niggers instead; and they worked the ship so badly in a squall, that the L'Oiseau was wrecked, and her captain drowned.'

"'All true, by the Lord,' replied the other, with a shout of laughter, 'drowned like a dog; as true as that we are here to-day, the 13th of October, and that I gave my last louis to my mother.'

"I thought to myself that neither of these worthies should ever set foot in my ship; and I was about to retire, much dissatisfied with my visit to M. Gaspard's abode, when the sailor, to whom I before alluded, briskly raised his head from his hands, and exclaimed, in an earnest tone,—

"'Who speaks of the 13th of October, and of a mother?'

"This was the signal for a general shout; and peals of laughter echoed through the room.

"'Well,' said the young sailor, 'he has now cut the cable which held his tongue so tight before.'

"'He's left off playing the gentleman, I hope,' said the wooden-legged Venus, adjusting her neckerchief.

"'Have some grog,' said the elder sailor, pushing a glass towards him.

" ' Let's drink his health, he's mad,' said the other female.

" Upon this, they all began to yell, and hammer upon the table, crying out, ' His health, his health ;' whilst the cause of this uproar looked down upon them with the most supreme contempt. He might have been about thirty years of age ; his features were fine, but pale ; his dark hair, and bushy whiskers, were strikingly contrasted with the general hue of his countenance. His dress was that of a common sailor ; and, unlike that of the others, was neat, and in good trim.

" ' His health, his health,' exclaimed all the others, with redoubled clamour.

" ' Don't you hear, you bear ?' shouted the youth, his eyes sparkling with the liquor he had swallowed, his lips purple, and his whole frame quivering with excitement.

" ' Your health is drunk, Mr. Proud-face,'

said the lady with the wooden leg, pulling him by the sleeve.

" ' Come, drink, and join us,' said the other sailor, pressing the glass violently against his lips.

" I could now distinguish nothing more, for the first blow struck by the pale man knocked the light out; but there was a fearful uproar of screams and oaths intermingled, above which the voice of the pale man was heard exclaiming, ' Dogs! you speak of a mother and the 13th of October! by heavens, it shall be the last time.' As the shrieks were reiterated, I was on the point of seeking for Gaspard, when he made his appearance.

" ' Be quick,' said I to him, ' the rascals are killing one another.'

" ' Oh! captain, they are merely at their games!'

" ' But knives are of the party,' said I.

" ' Is Perrot engaged in the fray?' he asked.

" ' Perrot? Who?'

" ' The tall pale man is called Perrot; he is as fierce as the devil, and as strong as a capstan.'

" ' Yes, yes, he is in the thick of it; so, look about you, or they will be doing mischief. Do you hear those cries?'

" ' Ah, captain, there's no harm doing; there's little rain in a heavy squall. Have you made your choice?'

" ' In the first place, M. Gaspard, two of them were dead drunk.'

" ' Ah, I suppose so; they were Hochard and Hugon.'

" ' Very likely. The two others appear to me to be pirates.'

" ' The youth and the dark, middle-aged man? Most probably; they are two scoundrels; I don't wish to deceive you. There is

only Perrot who will suit you; he is active and intelligent, but is very reserved.'

" ' Bring him with you on board to-morrow as soon as the morning gun is fired.'

" At day-break, Gaspard came on board with Perrot; I conducted them both to my cabin.

" ' Captain,' said Gaspard, ' this is Perrot, of whom I spoke to you.'

" ' Come nearer,' said I. He advanced.

" ' What was your last voyage?'

" ' I came from Lima, captain, a passenger on board the brig Alexander.'

" ' Passenger!—Why not as sailor?'

" ' Because I was a passenger.'

" ' What were you doing at Lima?'

" ' I had been sailing in the South seas, in the Spanish service.'

" ' The devil! Where are your vouchers?'

" ' Here is a certificate from the captain of the Alexander.'

" ' Good. Will you take a birth in this vessel?'

" ' As you please; but I will not tie myself to time.'

" ' How so?'

" ' I have my reasons, captain.'

" ' Don't listen to him,' said Gaspard; ' he's talking nonsense. He owes me two months' keep; and if he plays these pranks, I'll kick him out, and he may go and get lodging where he can.'

" Well, captain, I'm your man; but so much the worse for you.'

" ' Agreed; I engage you. Gaspard, send his chest on board, and his account shall be settled. Now, my lad, go on deck; the crew are busy setting the shrouds, and bending the

top-sails; you can show your skill. Go—— here's earnest for you.' I confess that the singularity of this man had excited my curiosity, and in a great measure determined me to retain him in my ship.

"In eight days from this time, I had appointed Perrot master, for no sailor could display more promptness and energy. When his duties were performed, he would go and sit in the mizen-chain-wales, and remain there for hours moody and silent. The sailors, who feared him as the devil, nick-named him Death's-head.

"Having completed my lading, I sailed on the 21st of November, and cleared the port with a fair south-easterly wind. I was bound for Buenos-Ayres. Perrot had been more gloomy than ordinary on the day when we weighed anchor; he had approached me se-

veral times, as if to speak to me, and then he would retire without saying a word.

"Towards evening the breeze freshened. I caused the royals to be handed, and we then beat about under courses to keep clear of the land.

" 'Well, master,' said I to Perrot, 'this is a brisk gale. What do you think of it?'

" 'Captain, I forewarned you,' replied he, in a solemn tone.

" 'What do you mean?'

"Without replying to my question, he took me by the arm, and said, in a low voice, 'Pass the word to take in the royals, and close reef the topsails; the squall is upon us. It will be appalling——I feel it here,' said he, striking his breast vehemently with his hands. I complied with his injunctions; and it was well that I took these precautions; for hardly were

my orders executed, when the wind veered round to the north-east, and blew a heavy gale. The day soon closed in; and the storm raged with uncommon violence. We passed the night in the open sea; and the weather continuing very rough, we put back to Havre. As soon as we had anchored, Perrot entered my cabin, whither I had retired to snatch a little rest.

" ' Captain,' said he, ' I am going to leave you.'

" ' Leave me! Why?'

" ' I cannot explain; but I must—for your own sake.'

" ' Diable, no! you are too useful to me. Where shall I find a master like you? Come what may, you must remain.—I will increase your wages.'

" ' Then I will desert.'

" 'Then I will have you put in irons, and confined to your cabin, if I find it necessary.'

" 'So you will have me stay?—well—you will see.' As he spoke these words, an unaccountable expression of pity was visible on his features.

" The day after my interview with Perrot, I discovered that some odd rumours had spread among my crew.

" 'It's this d—d Death's-head who brings this foul weather,' said some; 'with a fiend like him on board, we shall all go to the bottom.'

" 'I had been long aware of this singular species of superstition among sailors, who lay the blame of all the misfortunes of a voyage upon one individual, who, something like the scape-goat of the Jews, is considered responsible for any accident that may happen: and

I consequently ordered two men, who had been most active in circulating such ideas, three dozen a-piece, and at the same time confined Perrot to his cabin. I set sail again on the same day, for the weather had moderated, and the wind was again fair. Once more on the open sea, I released Perrot from his confinement.

" ' You have been tanning somebody's hide, captain,' said he.

" ' Yes; I gave a couple of rascals three dozen a-piece, who had accused you of being the cause of the foul weather; as if your breath could ruffle the sea, shiver our sails, and lay our masts by the board.'

" ' May be so,' said he, smiling grimly.

" I shrugged my shoulders, and walked away from him, thinking him mad. By an extraordinary fatality, just as we were expect-

ing to make the Canaries, the weather became squally, the wind rose quickly, and blew a perfect hurricane; and the storm was so violent, that in a sudden gust the top-masts and gib-boom were clean blown away. A fearful thought now occurred to the crew, who were petrified at this loss; and the sailors came towards me in a body, shouting, in tones tremulous with rage, their frantic exclamations: —'Drown, drown the Death's-head!——he is the cause of all.'

"I shuddered, and looked at Perrot. For the first time, I saw him smile; but such a smile!

"'Villains,' I exclaimed, snatching up a handspike, 'if any man among you dare advance a step further, I will cleave him to the brain.'

"'Drown him, drown him; we will not pe-

rish with him; drown him.' They drew nearer. I threw myself before Perrot, who said to me, 'Let them do it; it is written.'

"'What, let them commit murder! No, no! Go to my cabin; you will there find my pistols. I will remain here till you return.' And, as I said these words, I turned towards the crew.

"'We beg pardon, captain—but Death's-head must be thrown overboard,' said one of them.

"'Yes, yes, he must be thrown overboard,' exclaimed the whole crew, in one breath; and their voices soared even above the fury of the tempest. At this juncture, a slip-noose was thrown over me; I fell, and was pinioned in a moment. I was foaming with passion, when I observed Perrot awaiting their approach with the most perfect indifference.

"'It is now your turn,' said the ringleader

of the crew, a man of enormous stature, advancing towards him.

"The ship here gave a sudden lurch; and nearly all the sailors were thrown prostrate on the deck.

"'Now's your time,' I cried to Perrot; 'run to my cabin.' But he, leaping from the mizen-shrouds, was on the rails with a single bound.

"'It would be but just,' said he to the sailors, 'if I were to let you commit a useless crime; for my death can only serve you, provided it is voluntary. It is not on your account, but for the sake of the captain,—for he has a mother—a mother,' he repeated, gnashing his teeth. He swung himself violently with the ropes.

"Were I to live a hundred years, I should never forget this awful scene. I still fancy that I see Perrot hanging by the shrouds; his

long hair streaming in the wind, his ghastly figure, which stood out in hideous relief from the impenetrable gloom of the night, his glaring eyes, and the fearful contortions of his features, as he continued to shout, at the top of his voice, the word 'Mother!' The crew were appalled, and appeared thunderstruck at the unexpected resolution of Perrot: and they remained motionless, gazing at him with haggard and unquiet looks.

"'Farewell, captain!' These were his last words. He disappeared.

"'Hurrah! hurrah! there goes Death's-head!' cried the sailors, evidently relieved from their previous fears: and they now submissively unbound me, and humbly asked my pardon for the manner in which they had treated me. I thought it was all a dream.

"A heavy sea broke over the vessel, and washed the helmsman from the rudder; the ship

broaching gunwale-to. This imminent peril roused me to a sense of my situation. I seized the helm; and from this station gave out the necessary orders.

" ' You see, you rascals,' I exclaimed, ' that heaven will punish you for your atrocious crime. Does the death of this unhappy man lull the tempest? No;—the storm increases, and in less than an hour we shall perhaps rejoin him.'

" The crew were staggered; some of the men hung down their heads, and I could perceive that I had touched them to the quick, when the accursed leader of the mutiny reappeared on deck, bearing a large chest.

" ' Down with you into the same tomb as your owner, Death's-head; and may heaven now leave us at peace, for we have now nothing further belonging to the hell-fiend?'

" Overboard went the chest, amidst the

cheers of the crew; persuaded that now the ship was cleared of poor Perrot's property, the storm would cease.

" 'On the contrary, it raged with redoubled fury. I heard a frightful explosion; it was our mainsail which had burst, and so quickly was it swept away, that on turning round I saw but a white object, like a speck against the dark sky, and the next moment it had disappeared.

" 'Mercy on us,' I exclaimed; 'heaven is just.'

" 'It is only because there is still something remaining of the devil's chick,' said this imperturbable foe. 'Cabin-boy, under hatches with you, and woe to you if you do not ferret the vermin out.'

* * * * *

" Five minutes after, the urchin returned,

bearing an old woollen cap, which had been left unnoticed in Perrot's birth.

" ' There,' said the mutineer, throwing it into the sea, ' we are quit of *him* and *his*.—Silence wind, and be still.'

" A chance—was it chance ?—seemed to conspire with him. The two or three last furious blasts seemed to have exhausted the power of the elements. The wind fell, the sky cleared up, a light breeze played over the surface of the deep, and the sea was calmed. A prosperous gale bore us swiftly on, and we anchored off Buenos-Ayres on the first of January(*u*).

For upwards of a week they sailed leisurely along the coast, until at length Marston decided on quitting the Italian shores, and proceeding to Vienna, where he was disposed to fix his residence. There he was entirely unknown,

"a stranger in the land;" and there he and his unhappy daughter could live in entire seclusion.

Marston's spirits were bowed down to the dust; his feelings were deadened, and the only sentiment which yet retained its power, was affection for his daughter.

On the eighth evening, the sailors descried the port of Trieste, which they expected to enter the following morning.

There is something exhilarating in the first sight of one's destined haven; and the mariners experienced its animating effects, and by their happy countenances, and active movements, communicated in a degree a little emotion to the poor wanderers. Agathine raised herself by Marston's aid to view the port.

"Take courage, dear child, there is the term of our sea-voyage; we shall now journey on land, and seek a home in a new country."

Agathine endeavoured to smile through her tears, as she returned the pressure of her father's hand.

From Trieste they travelled slowly, as well on account of Agathine's health, as from the feeling that they had no motive of affection to hasten their movements, : no impatient lover, husband, parent, or child, awaited their arrival. The cold world lay before them; all places were alike indifferent; all alike to them a dreary desert; and when they reached Vienna, and were established in the residence they selected in one of the faubourgs of that city, as being more retired and removed from the noise, bustle, and observation of a populous town, they perhaps regretted that the obligation they had been under for some time, to pursue a progressive though dilatory movement, had ceased; since now their minds returned with more concentration to their sorrows. Several

months passed, and the hour of Agathine's delivery approached. She had never heard from Howard, since the day he had quitted her; the buoyant hopes of youth had long borne her up, but disappointment followed those hopes, and the sad truth at last forced itself on her mind. He had forgotten her!

Although Howard had been culpable in taking advantage of the inexperience, innocence, and unprotected state of Agathine, (her love for him ought to have been her protection in his eyes, and had he reflected, it would have been,) many circumstances had conspired to hurry them on to ruin. When he left Naples, he had fully purposed an immediate return, and his love for Agathine made him desire it. But when he arrived in England, he was obliged to take possession of his estates, being just of age; and shortly after, he had been ordered to join the admiral, who had been ap-

pointed to the American station. He wrote several letters to Agathine before he sailed, but the state of the continent at that time, rendered all communication by letter very precarious; and Agathine never received any of those addressed to her. At that period, all Europe was convulsed by the effects of the revolution in France, which had terminated in the overthrow of its government, the murder of its sovereign, and the destruction of two-thirds of the population of that extensive country. On the wrecks of havoc, confusion, and disorder, had arisen a new form of government; new chiefs followed up the impulses thus given; and armies overran the continent, to conquer that acknowledgment of their existence as a state, which could not with prudence be accorded by other governments; who, by sanctioning these proceedings, would in their turn have fallen a sacrifice to the Moloch of revolution.

Howard remained three years on the American station. On his return to England, he was made post-captain; and he again wrote to Agathine, ere he sailed with his frigate to the Portuguese coast. Her silence during the time she had remained at Naples after his departure, and the subsequent months which she spent at Vienna, owing to her ignorance how or where to write to him, (and she did not dare apply to Marston for counsel on that subject,) ended by diminishing his interest in, and recollection of her; and if ever, after several years, she recurred to his mind, it was as a dream of his youth.

There is a solemn interest in that moment, when another of God's creatures is ushered into the world; which all who have attended a wife, a daughter, or beloved companion, at the moment of her confinement, have experienced. Next to the departure from life, which bears

another character of solemnity, still more awful, there is no human event more fraught with solicitude. In the latter case, the soul departing to meet its God, and Judge, after having sojourned its "few and evil days" on earth, adds fear and regret to the awe of the moment—fear for the judgment to be passed, regret for the loss of one who has dwelt with us. In the former case, it is joy at the expected presence of a cherub visitant, which mixes with the solemnity of the moment, and relieves the painful impression of the danger to which the mother is exposed; yet is her life on the brink of the grave; a few moments decide whether she shall pass away in giving existence to another, or be spared to those attached to her by the tenderest ties. It is then that the kindness and attention of a loved husband are most sensibly felt. His presence and tenderness give courage to the sufferer, enduring the sha-

dow of the valley of death for his sake; and the unhappy victim of seduction abandoned by her destroyer, and bereft of her natural supporter, is then doubly to be pitied.

It was the middle of the night when Marston was summoned to the bedside of his daughter, for no one else was near to comfort or uphold her, except a nurse, who was to officiate as midwife. Not that poverty deprived her of further assistance; Marston had still a noble income from his native land; but that he and his daughter shunned the presence of every one, except those strictly necessary about them.

The hour is past! All is still in the chamber of Agathine—all is silent!

On the bed lies the inanimate body of the unhappy girl, cold, motionless. Unconsciousness of any further worldly suffering has succeeded to throes, winged from death's deadliest quiver. Her sorrows are at an end! * *

Near her bedside, on his knees, his face covered by his hands, is her wretched father. He does not weep—the source of his tears is dry! He attempts to pray, while watching the corpse of the last being who can interest him on earth. She is gone! and has left him a miserable, heart-broken wanderer. And yet all is not dead with her. She has given life to another being, ere she departed. Its lamentable cry on entering this world, was the dirge for its departing mother; and an apt greeting for all the sorrows the gift of life entailed on it.

We enter the world sorrowing; the first sound uttered is that of pain, and the last moment of existence echoes the birth-pang cry. "Man was indeed made to mourn;" and who is there, that during life does not mourn and suffer?

END OF VOL. II.

NOTES.

(*a*.) "Ah, dear Don Aniello, how goes it?"

"Your servant, Signor Macario."

"*I* am always *your* servant: you know it. How come you to be in this quarter?"

"Oh, its the first time that you have met me here; but I'm always on the pier, to listen to the Signor Addegio, who sings the actions of the renowned great man. To-day there will be a beautiful piece of that history."

"Really! tell me which he will sing."

"Nothing less than Renaud, who discovers that the King of Scots' daughter is innocent, and that the villain Polenesso is he who had laid the plot."

"Really!"

"Oh, that is nothing! He defies him to combat, beats him, and when he is to give up his spirit to the devil, he confesses the whole conspiracy."

"Well, since it is so, I'll stay and listen, with my mouth open."

"If such is your intention, let us go and take our places before the crowd arrive."

"Yes, come along; but let me first of all purchase two sous' worth of Passa tiempo."

"Go, go, I'll wait for you."

(*b.*) "Oh (with an oath), what a beautiful vessel; look, Januarius; look, how she comes in with the wind."

"What the devil do you say? it is a frigate."

"A frigate! one sees that you understand what you say!"

"How much will you bet that it is not one."

"Whatever you like."

"Well, a paté of six-sous and a bottle of Marena."

"Agreed; let us go and enquire."

"Enquire! go yourself, I should be ashamed. What! I, who have been on the salt-water twenty years, and don't know if it is a frigate or a trader."

"You may have been twenty years at sea; but to-day the wine has blinded you, and you don't see further than your nose."

"Hold your tongue, and don't seek to be off; the bargain is struck, so don't talk any more about it."

"You rather astonish me. When I have given my word! Remember, we are to eat a paté to-night, and to drink a bottle of Mazzarella, and that he who is mistaken pays."

"We should go and eat directly, and then return here, get into a boat, and ascertain."

"As you will, neighbour; but where shall we go?"

"To the Signor Aniello's, at the chiazza Franzesa."

"At that robber's; no, I won't go."

"Where then?"

"Let us go to the Signor Sapatella's, at the mmiezo Puerto, who has some excellent Gragnano wine.

"Very well; come where you will."

(*c.*) "Oh, Grariella, for heaven's sake, look what beautiful men; they must be English."

"Oh yes, they are the captains of the vessel which came in at twelve o'clock."

"See, they look at us; what do they want?"

"What can they want? Malediction on them. They are strangers; naturally they look about them. We must feign not to see them."

"Oh, here they come to us."

"Let them come; I'll settle them properly. Call, call out the roasted corn; perhaps they will buy some."

"Roasted corn, roasted corn."

"Silence, they come."

"I'll make them pay two sous for each blade of corn. Signor, will you have some roasted corn, hot, hot."

"Devil take them, they understand nothing."

"Will you have some or not?"

"Let them go, with a vengeance; they are thinking of other things."

"Go, go, gentlemen, we are not what you are seeking; we are honourable, and we live on black bread."

(*d.*) The high street, called Toledo.

(*e.*) Let me not be mistaken; I speak of theatres as they are, not as what they might be.

(*f.*) Madame de Sevigné pithily describes it, "*respirer son voisin.*"

(*g.*) The vice of gaming is so general at Naples, that it extends to every class. The poor fishermen and divers who have been all day from sunrise to sunset in the sea toiling for bare subsistence, will assemble on the sands as they return from sea with their scanty provision of "frutti del mare," and begin instantly staking it on their favourite game 'giouco di mano;" which consists in presenting as rapidly as it is spoken the number of fingers called for by a third, who is umpire.

(*h.*) The writer saw this young man, as he was with the other galley-slaves, sweeping the streets of Pisa. He was deadly pale, and did not appear more than eight-and-twenty years of age. He was remarkably handsome, and a look of shame and recollection of his former condition seemed to pass over his countenance, as he extended his hand to beg for alms, which the soldiers guarding the galley-slaves allow them to do.

(*i.*) "Fennel, small cheeses, various sorts of fish, maccaroni, common cheese."

(*k.*) For a description of this mode of taking fish, I refer the reader to some animated scenes in Sir. W. Scott's novel of "Redgauntlet," and Cooper's "Pioneers."

(*l.*) "God bless him, and grant him his divine protection. What do I say? Can *I* dare hope that my voice can reach to God? No!—No!"

(*m.*) It was after visiting the Asylum for the Blind, and that for the Deaf and Dumb, in France, that this observation was made; and it was approved and confirmed by the directors of the two establishments.

(*n.*) A sedioli is a light kind of tilbury, much gilt and ornamented.

(*o.*) This is an historical fact. It happened in the same year with the events which we are narrating. We have only changed the scene.

(*p.*) Don Sarrao, in his account of that eruption, states that, "Il mésura les matières, vomies par le volcan, durant les 22 jours que dura l'éruption, et les évalua à 319,658,000, 161 pieds cubes; ce qui faisait prés d'une lieue et demie en un surface carrée; ou bien un cube de 683 pieds, c'est-à-dire, une montagne, dont les dimensions étaient a peu prés égales à la hauteur du Dome de Milan."

(*q.*) At the fête of St. Jean, in the year 17—, no *disgrazia* had taken place. The town was in consternation. A youth was persuaded to take a horse to water in the sea, who had never mounted one, and who was ignorant of the coast. They led him to a spot which appeared propitious for watering the horse; and the youth descended fearlessly into the water upon his back. The crowd waited anxiously the result of the experiment. The spot selected was a quicksand, and in an instant the horse and rider disappeared, to rise no more. The people shouted in joy at their deliverance; and the police took no cognizance of the subject.

(*r.*) "And no unfortunate accident has yet arrived."

(*s.*) Rocks ejected from the crater have been measured when cold, and found to be eighteen feet square.

(*t.*) The following is the ode alluded to:—

"Heard ye the whirlwind's flight sublime?
Swift as the rushing wing of time
The demon raged aloud!
Vaunting he reared his giant form,
And towered amid the gathering storm,
Borne on a murky cloud.
Vast horrors shook the dome of heaven,
As 'neath him far with fury driven,

The viewless depths of air,
Stern o'er the struggling globe he past,
While pausing nature shrunk aghast,
And through the troubled gloom wild yelled the fiend despair.

"Servant of God! destructive power!
Whilst due to wrath the direful hour,
Thou warn'st a guilty world,
When bursts to vengeance heaven's blest sire,
When lightens fierce the Almighty's ire,
On sin-struck nations hurled.
Thy terrors load my trembling shell,
Dread as the maddening tones that swell
O'er yonder bleak domain;
Where heaves thy deep, incessant roar,
That shakes the snow-topt mountains o'er,
And with resistless ruin strews the affrighted plain.

"Oh! what of hope's delicious ray,
As slow the pilgrim takes his way,
Shall soothe his sinking soul,
As round him forms infernal rise,
Of ghastly hue, whose hideous cries
Through the vast ether roll?
And mingling in each surf-worn cave,
Fell spirits from the murderer's grave

The deed of horror hail.
Saw ye the reddening meteor gleam?
Heard ye the harsh and hollow scream?
Far o'er the dim, cold sea, the birds of ocean wail.

"Fierce o'er the darkly heaving waves,
The storm with boundless fury raves;
The sailor starts aghast.
His helm to ruthless vengeance given,
Through the vast surge speeds idly driven,
As shrieks the hurrying blast.
Cease, Emma, cease! to hope is vain;
Thou ne'er wilt view thy lord again.
He never shall return.
Pale on the desert shore he lies,
No wife beloved to close his eyes,
No friend in pitying tones his wave-drenched limbs to mourn."

(*u.*) The allusion to his "mother," and the number "thirteen," was never explained. They remained as much a mystery, as the extraordinary being who uttered them.

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